

THE CHRONICLES

BREEDING POLO HUNTING A SPORTING JOURNAL SHOWING CHACING RACING

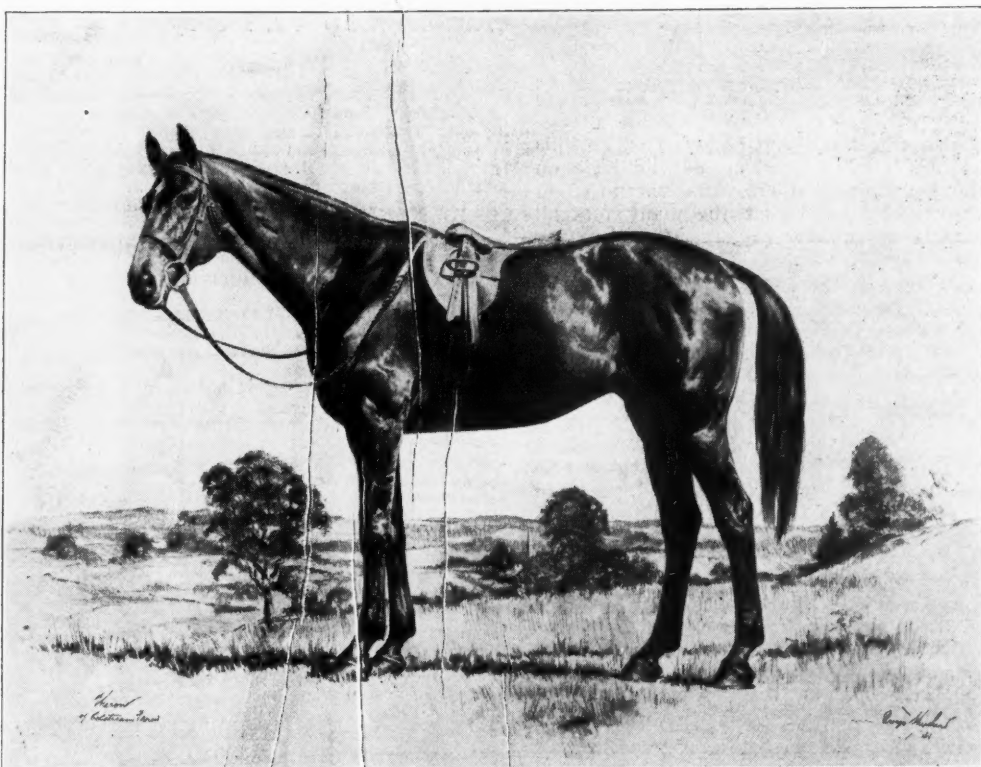
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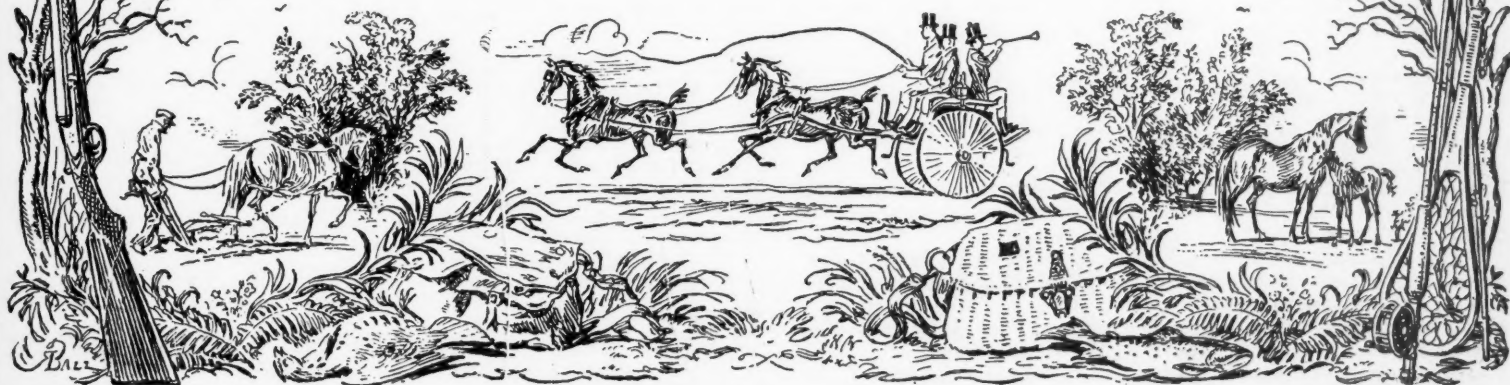
THERON OF COLSTREAM FARM

Drawn by George Shepherd



Courtesy Owner.

Details Page 6.



AMERICA'S HUNTS AUTHORITY

The Official Publication of the Masters of Foxhounds Association of America

The Chronicle

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SPORTSMANSHIP AND THE BALANCE OF NATURE

The first general snow of the season has fallen. Although it took only a short time to melt away, there was a day or so when all the fields were white. During those days many coveys of quail were to be seen along the roadside banks facing south, where the snow was the first to leave and where honeysuckle and brush provided feed and cover.

These coveys, formerly visible only to those tramping the fields, were a reminder to the casual passer-by that, if we expect to have quail and other game birds during the shooting season, we must take care of them with extra feed when the snow is on the ground. This is a "must" which applies to all sportsmen, whether they shoot, fish, hunt or just listen to football over the radio.

Consideration for all sport is the true test of a sportsman. There are a few people in this country—fortunately a very few—who are so self-centered and so short-sighted as to believe that they can pursue their own form of sport without regard for the other fellow's. Occasionally one runs across men who think that pollution which kills fish is of no consequence as long as there are plenty of wild ducks on the river; that legislating horse racing out of existence will not affect baseball and other spectator sports; and that the many football scholarships at their own alma mater have no relationship to the basketball disclosures of a year ago.

One of the most vocal of these minority groups has been the gunners who contend that there would be more game birds in the country if there were fewer foxes. This contention has no scientific basis whatsoever. Two of the latest studies in this field have recently been published by The Chronicle and a third will appear shortly. The first, prepared under the auspices of the Co-operative Wildlife Research Unit of the Virginia state college of agriculture (V.P.I.), shows that quail constitute only 3% of the diet of the red fox, which "actually benefits the quail population by removing the segment in excess of the carrying capacity of the range." The second, prepared by the Game Division of the Michigan Conservation Department, shows that the bounty on red foxes, adopted four years ago with the help of bird hunters, has cost the taxpayers half a million dollars, but has not reduced the fox population. A third study, to be published shortly, is one of a series of research projects conducted by the Division of Fish and Game of the New York State Conservation Department. 607 foxes were trapped over an 18 month period on 74,000 acres west of Seneca Lake. The pheasant population in this area was then compared with the population in a similar untrapped area where foxes were plentiful. The report concludes: "Comparison of the data for pheasant hunting success—did not show any benefits from the control achieved."

When man has succeeded—which is not too often—in reducing one species for the purpose of benefitting another, he upsets the balance of nature. The effect is usually not to help the favored species, but to hurt it. To cite only one among the hundreds of such cases—the owner of a large shooting plantation in the deep south had all the foxes exterminated. Shortly thereafter the quail began to die. It took two years of expensive research to determine the cause. The quail were infested with an internal parasite which, to complete its life cycle, required a second host in the form of a black beetle. As long as there were foxes in the area they ate the beetles and thus kept down the parasites to harmless proportions. But when the foxes were removed, both beetles and parasites increased so as to kill the quail. Result: the plantation had to be re-stocked with foxes!

The conclusions of these scientific reports are neither startling nor new. As the Public Relations Committee of the Masters of Foxhounds Association has repeatedly emphasized—over the last 40 years similar conclusions have been reached again and again on the basis of similar experiments in the majority of the 48 states. Unfortunately, however, a small but vocal minority has continued to single out the red fox as the scapegoat for the lack of game birds. And, if any horseman reading this should tend to become complacent, let him remember that all too many flat racing men apparently think that the decline of steeplechasing at the major tracks is no concern of theirs and fail to give it a helping hand.

In the long run what hurts one sport hurts all sports. We are fighting both a hot and cold war in a materialistic age. We are carrying a maximum tax burden and are enjoying a minimum of leisure.

In our age all sports are struggling to survive, and many have already succumbed. It is folly for anyone to suppose that he can improve his own sport by attacking another's. On the contrary, 1953 is a year for all sportsmen to work together—and to work hard.

Letters To The Editor

Sportsman
Reminiscences

Dear Sir:

I miss old Harry Worcester Smith and his breakfasts in the Hunting Box; luscious lamb chops, knives and forks from the 5 and 10; no smoking, since he only had one lung; lively company yet none more so than the Host, a rare specimen of paganism and civilization (about 50-50). At the breakfast his lusty Who-Whoops, which brought several colored boys from the kitchen with food and coffee until you could hardly get out of your chair. Yes, I miss the inimitable H. W. S.

And how he would come up with an article for The Chronicle on irregular occasions. One of his best was The Tautz Coat; a rich mixture of feeling and crass indifference. Such contradictions. That was the great Lord Harry. No more stories, such as his, seem to drift into the paper. Anyhow, here's hoping.

As ever,

Samuel J. Henry

January 2, 1953

Washington, D. C.

Hunting Cap Vs. Derby

Sirs:

An article which appeared sometime ago in The Chronicle caught my eye. I must admit that time was pressing at the moment and I merely glanced through it. It was the article concerning the use of the hunting cap for the general public, regardless of age.

I think there are various approaches to that much discussed subject. Being a woman, I probably hold an opinion which is bound to be influenced by my own experiences as such. However, I can make two points which I believe have some ring of truth for everyone.

First; I have hunted and shown horses in a derby for a good many years, long before I was privileged to wear a cap as a whip at Rombout and Joint-M. F. H. here in Greenwich. I can truthfully say I never remember going hell-bent cross country after hounds or showing over an outside course with a derby bouncing on my shoulder blades, but I have seen it too often. The point is this; I never threw it on underhand, nor did I slap it on the back of my head so that my recently curled forelock would show to its best advantage. There are lots of ways to put a hard hat on your head but only one way to keep it there. The one important factor being this. You can't borrow a derby—you have to own one that fits your head. If that is the case and your hair is secondary in importance, placed properly I can almost guarantee that the hat is there until you wish to remove it. The same also holds true in the gentlemen's case. A good fitting derby well placed is there to stay.

So often during the past year or so, I have watched young and old alike, come into the show ring, approach the first fence and when well over give their head a backwards snap to rid themselves of the hard hat. In fact at the last National in New York, I started a pool among my friends sitting with me as to how many fences a badly placed hat would last. After a while it became sickening.

The second point concerns tradition versus comfort. I realize a velvet cap is not only comfortable but very handsome. Many people, and I am one of them, place their cap, no matter how green with age in a strategic spot, somewhere near the front door, perhaps accompanied by gloves and the hunt crop. It stands there as a reminder of good days past and of good days still to come. It represents a way of life and because of the tradition and privilege for which it stands, it is a most beloved possession.

To go further, a black hunting

coat complete with colors and buttons is also a handsome object, likewise the men's pink coat. Yet I cannot think who would advocate the wearing of same, if the individual had not earned it one way or another. All hunting and showing equipment is comfortable if it fits. Not all of it is truly useful, nor is it good looking on everyone. Still anyone properly turned out, neat, correct and proud, has no reason to covet a velvet cap, a pink coat or colors, if it is not in the books.

The safety argument is probably the last resort. You can get a derby, like my old one, so hard that if you go off on your head as we all do eventually, the brim goes down around your neck like a yoke while the hard top stays precisely where it was meant to stay.

Margarita N. Serrell

(Mrs. Howard P. Serrell)

January 3, 1953

Greenwich, Conn.

Agrees About Birthdays

Dear Sir:

Sometime ago you published a letter from a subscriber who explained a change of rules, which makes a lot of "Horse Sense", that is about the birthdays of the children who now ride, and are disqualified from further competition, if their birthday happens to fall during the riding season.

The writer was Bayard Evans, and I would make a suggestion that once a child's birthday falls on or after Jan. 1, that he be given an extension until the following birthday. This would give him the whole year of competition uninterrupted.

If he starts a season, let him go on until the season is over. This would meet with a lot of favor, I am sure.

Yours truly,

Charles Duborg

December 30, 1952

Washington, D. C.

Pony Club

Dear Editor:

The article on Branches of the Pony Club in Canada in the December 12 issue read very well. I hasten to point out a typographical error which might lead to misunderstanding. The Canadian Branches are affiliated with the Pony Club of the British Home Society in England not the British Horse Show Society as stated. The word "show" must have just slipped in unnoticed.

The Pony Club is not specifically interested in showing but concentrates more on good sportsmanship and enjoyment of horses or ponies and if a choice were to be made, would likely side more with hunting than showing. Happily no choice is necessary, however, and members of a number of Canadian Branches are prominent exhibitors at shows, and several branches run their own junior shows, which have been outstandingly successful.

Plans are currently under way for the 6th annual Inter Branch Competitive Pony Club Rally to be held the end of next June in Knowlton, Quebec. It is hoped that the Harford County Branch will be represented this time, which will be the first for a team from the U. S. A.

Sincerely,

Adele Rockwell
(2nd Vice chairman of the
Can. Advisory Board)

Todmorden, Canada

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BREEDING



AND

Racing

A SECTION
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS
OF THE TURF



Thoroughbreds

"People Don't Lose Money On Horses; They Lose It To the State and To the Track"

Septimus

Holiday Week, a time usually devoted to quiet, if not positively lethargic contemplation, was far from a dull one in racing. By long odds, the liveliest items were turned up at the hearings in New York touching on and appertaining to off-the-course betting held by the Joint Legislative Committee to Study Horse Racing, gentlemen from Albany, more familiarly known as the Wicks Committee, who have been busy as beavers for months. Right here let me say that in the matter of off-the-course betting I am Mr. Facingbothways. Frankly, I do not see in it such a menace to racing, or to public morals as its opponents make out. On the other hand, I do not think it would work out so well as its advocates insist it would. There would be too many angles, if you know what I mean.

Racegoers everywhere are going to be a little surprised to learn that: "People don't lose money on horses. They lose it to the state and to the track." This is a direct quotation from the testimony of J. Samuel Perlman, publisher of The Morning Telegraph and Daily Racing Form to the Wicks Committee, last week. A horseplayer of long, and bad standing, I have been searching many years for the secret of beating the races. Now I have the gimmick, California, Miami, New Orleans, here I come! To be sure, Mr. Perlman pointed out that, according to his statisticians, if you bet \$2 on the favorite in every one of the races run on the New York tracks last season, you would have lost exactly \$486. But, if the state and the tracks had not taken their cut of 14.8 percent (it's 15 percent plus the breakage, according to the American Racing Manual, Mr. Perlman), you would have lost only \$20, or less than two cents to a race.

Granted, the take is too high. With none at all, you would get even money on 7-10 shots. (Actually, a winning ticket that would pay \$3.40 at a track where there was a 15 percent take, would pay \$4.00 at a track where there was none.) However, if the racing associations did not take 4 percent of the pari-mutuel handle they would not afford to give \$3,500 purses in overnight events, to say nothing of \$100,000 in added money to their important stakes races. Back in the days when the only revenue of the tracks came from admissions, purses were \$800, and the Suburban, \$5,000 added. I am all for betting with bookmakers, but the pari-mutuel has its points.

At an earlier hearing, Ashley Trimble Cole, the chairman of the

New York State Racing Commission, testified that at least 217 betting parlors, as he called them would be needed throughout the state in the event that off-the-course betting ever was legalized. Which he hoped never would come about. He also made it clear that his associates on the commission were quite as opposed to the whole business as he was. Nevertheless, he had drawn up a purely hypothetical plan for it just in case the worst came to the worst. According to this, things would be operated roughly along the same lines as they are in France, and needless to say bets would be accepted only on horses running at the New York tracks. The betting parlors would be open from 9 A. M. till an hour before post time for the first race; the money wagered would be pooled bet at the track, so there would be no difference in the pay-offs. Winning tickets would not be cashed till next day. Incidentally, the operators of the betting parlors—and everybody wondered who they would be—would receive 2 percent of their handle. Which would bring, the take up to seventeen plus.

Mr. Cole also submitted a list of twenty-seven advantageous locations for betting parlors on Manhattan Island; carefully selected, he said, to serve all sorts and conditions of patrons, from the Wall Street trade to housewives and, as he put it, house-husbands. Looking over the list, I could think of only one addition to it, Grand Central Palace. Unfortunately, that spot has been taken over by the Treasury Department for a Bureau of Internal Revenue.

It is expected, following the annual meeting of the New York racing associations more is going to be heard about that \$25,000,000 track James Butler, president of Empire City, proposes to build. Recently, he suggested that it would be a good idea if the Metropolitan Jockey Club, that's Jamaica, and the Queens County Jockey Club, that's Aqueduct, would join him in the venture, but so far nobody has been tramped in the rush of directors to vote their approval. The Empire City Racing Association, which has been holding its meetings very profitably at Jamaica since 1943, has had a site for a track in Westchester County for years, but nothing much has ever been done with it. Nothing much could, of course, while there were restrictions on the use of essential building materials. With controls off, however, some not entirely disinterested politician may propose

legislation in Albany to the effect that every racing association should operate on its own grounds, or else—As a matter of fact, something of the sort happened several years ago, and it took a bit of doing to set things right again. Perhaps the Metropolitan Jockey Club might not object to moving to Westchester—turn about would be no more than fair—but I have a notion that the Queens County Jockey Club would. The best reason for this I can think of is that some time this year, when certain kinks have been straightened out of New York's rapid transit system, you will be able to go to Aqueduct by subway.

It being the season of the year for predictions, here goes one: Empire City will hold meetings at a track of its own just about the same time off-the-course betting is legalized in New York.

According to all reports from Florida, racing at Tropical Park is booming along, with attendance and betting bigger than last year, even though many vacationers are waiting on tip toe for the opening of Hialeah. The meeting at Coral Gables will close next week with the running of the Tropical Handicap, at a mile and a furlong, which will have the distinction of being the first \$50,000 race of 1953. As this is written, the most important of the probable starters are, Crafty Admiral, Battlefield, Spartan Valor, and Alerted. They are also likely to be the Big Four of the Hialeah meeting. Alerted didn't go so well, though, in the Robert E. Lee Handi-

cap, at 1 1-16 miles, last Saturday; tiring in the stretch, and finishing 4th to Elixir, Reline, and Topside, in the order named. Elixir, a 7-year-old gelding by Bleu d'Or—Achieve, led all the way; he was a 23-1 shot, too, despite he'd shown speed in the Christmas Handicap, and finished 2nd to Crystal Boot, which started favorite in the Robert E. Lee.

It looks like another big year for Calumet Farm—at Santa Anita, at any rate, Lap Full, a 2-year-old filly by Bull Lea—Armful, won the Santa Ynez Stakes on New Year's Eve, Chanlea, won the San Vicente Stakes, for 3-year-olds, on Jan. 2, and A Gleam won the Malibu Sequet Stakes, for 4-year-olds, next day. E. Arcaro did not lose a stirrup iron on A Gleam this time. Seekers for signs and omens were especially interested in the performance of Chanlea because Hill Gall won the San Vicente a year ago, and everyone knows how he turned out. Whether Chanlea, a dark bay colt by Bull Lea—Aunt Chaney, is another Hill Gall is something else again. It is no stable secret that he is touched in the wind, but Ben Jones has made light of this, pointing out that Coalton had a similar affliction. At all events, Chanlea beat Hour Regards, Silverado, and three others handily enough in the San Vicente. Hour Regards, it may be remembered, beat Chanlea by a nose in the Del Mar Futurity last summer.

The Jones boys, however, also have a high opinion of Breeze By, another of the Calumet 3-year-olds, and they're seldom wrong.

*TENNYSON II

Half-brother to the undefeated Irish champion The Phoenix

Carrying 126 pounds, *Tennyson II, displaying racing ability of the highest mettle, ran 2nd to *Djeddah, the great middle distance performer of Europe, in the rich 1949 Eclipse Stakes, one of England's greatest mile and a quarter races. The son of Straight Deal, conceding weight to every horse but the winner, worked his way forward and took the lead at the halfway mark; however, 3 furlongs from home the heretofore undefeated Faux Tirage took command only to lose it to *Djeddah. *Tennyson II demonstrating a fighting heart, came on again to outrace Faux Tirage even though the last half mile of this course lies up hill to the finish.

To concede weight to this field was no easy assignment when you consider that in the beaten field were the leading Irish money winning 3-year-old of 1949 and Derby winner Hindostan, the Irish St. Leger winner Moondust, the Coombe stakes victor *Nizami II, and Bobo, winner of the Houghton Stakes.

*Tennyson II did not reach the races until his 4th year, due to an injury suffered as a yearling. However, in 7 starts that season he won 4 events, carrying high weight over a distance of ground. He won the Trundle, Worksop Stakes, Glaremont Handicap and the Kingswood Plate.

*TENNYSON II, Chestnut, 1945	Straight Deal.....	Solaris.....	Gainsborough
	Good Deal.....	Good Deal.....	Sun Worship
	Fille de Poete.....	Firdaussi.....	Apelle
		Fille d'Amour.....	Weeds
			Pharos
			Brownhyda
			Hurry On
			Friar's Daughter

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1953 Fee: \$250

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FOR SALE -- BROODMARE

Mr. F. Ambrose Clark is giving up breeding and is offering the following mare for sale:

IRISH PENNANT, b. m., foaled 1944 by *Bahram—Minant. Foaled a filly in 1951 and a colt in 1952. This mare is now in foal to BY JIMMINY.

This mare has had nothing to race.

Address inquiries to:

Clinton E. White, agent

c/o F. AMBROSE CLARK
Westbury, L. I., N. Y.

News From The Studs

Handling Mating Schedule For Over 600 Mares
And 19 Stallions Poses Spendthrift Problem

Frank Talmadge Phelps

*Big Dipper, which headed the English Free Handicap as a 2-year-old of 1950, will stand in 1953 at Henry H. Knight's Almahurst Farm on the Harrodsburg Road outside Lexington, Ky. The son of Signal Light—Huntress, by Foxhunter, won the Norfolk Two-Year-Old, Coventry, July, Champagne and Middle Park Stakes at two; but rapped himself and so could not compete in the 3-year-old classics. The earner of £12,115 is his sire's best offspring; and the second straight son of Signal Light to head the Free Handicap, which Masked Light topped in 1949. Signal Light has also sired the crack sprinter The Bug and other stakes victors. *Big Dipper's second dam, Flapper, was a half-sister to the famed Blue Peter and other high-class horses.

Imposing Schedule

How would you like to handle the mating schedule for over 600 mares? That is the problem facing the staff of Leslie Combs II's Spendthrift Farm this spring. The 19 stallions at Spendthrift this year—the largest group of stud horses at one farm in North America, and probably in the world—will be booked to 32 mares apiece, at combined stud fees totaling \$1,000,000. But the imposing task will be well and efficiently handled, if past performances are any indication, by "Stallion Collector" Combs' staff, which includes Sid Leathers as overall superintendent of the farm; Hugh Shropshire and Jim Johns overseeing the horse department; Clem Brook in charge of the stallions; Joe Hocker directing the van traffic to and from the breeding paddock; Dr. William R. McGee as supervising veterinarian; and Mrs. Louise Judy and Mrs. Betty Knight in the office keeping those vital records.

Naming 2-Year-Olds

"It was quite a struggle." That is the comment of Margaret Glass, Office Manager of Mrs. Gene Markey's Calumet Farm, over the naming of the 28 Calumet 2-year-olds of 1953.

The group includes five colts and seven fillies by Bull Lea, three sons and two daughters of Sun Again, three colts and a filly by *Alibhai, three sons of *Blenheim II, a colt and filly by *Priam II, and sons of *Goya II and War Admiral. On the feminine side of the pedigree, there are a full brother to In the Pink; full sisters to Armed, Two Lea, De Luxe and Coaltown; a three-quarters brother to Pensive; half-brothers to Blentigo, Pervent, Ever Bright, Sun Again, Theory and Real Delight; a half-sister to Risk A Whirl; a son of Good Blood; and a daughter of Iron Maiden.

Most of the freshly turned juveniles are with the Calumet racing stable in California. Those still at the Lexington, Ky., nursery, for one reason or another, are the colts Bright Liberty (by Sun Again—Fair Columbia) and On Flight (Bull Lea—War Fan); and the fillies Peligro (half-sister, by *Priam II, to Risk A Whirl), Red Carnation (by Sun Again—Iron Maiden), Right Again (Sun Again—Whirl Right) and Spanglet (*Alibhai—Flawless Pearl).

Calumet is not normally a yearling buyer, although it got Bull Lea that way; but two of the 28 juveniles were bought at Keeneland last summer, with Olin Gentry, manager of Dan and Ada L. Rice's Danada Farm at Lexington, doing the bidding. Both the purchases, which bore adjacent hip numbers, were *Blenheim II colts bought from Paris, Ky., breeders. One, out of Smart Niece (by *Alibhai from a full sister to Count Fleet), cost \$12,000 from Mrs. John D. Hertz's Stoner Creek Stud consignment. The other, out of the stakes-placed So Rare, cost \$500 less from Arthur B. Hancock's Claiborne Stud group. The Smart Niece colt has been named Huzzah, while the son of So Rare will be known as Nebel.

Busy Artist

Allen F. Brewer, Jr., the talented equine artist of Lexington, Ky., has

been quite busy lately. He has recently completed portraits of Harbervale Stable's Dark Peter, winner of last spring's Toboggan and Roseben Handicaps; and of Mrs. John Payson Adams' *Miche, which will enter stud this spring at Mildred W. Woolwine's White Oaks Farm near Lexington.

Mrs. Adams wanted a different portrait of *Miche from the usual run of horse paintings, so Mr. Brewer spent a week studying the Argentine-bred grey at Saratoga.

"The thing that is amazing with that horse," the artist declares, "is his wonderful disposition. The man that took care of him—a man named Jimmy, I've forgotten his last name—and *Miche would have a romp every morning. I mean, they would actually wrestle, fight, hit and bite at each other, with neither one hurting the other. *Miche would chase Jimmy all around the stall, and then Jimmy would chase *Miche around. You could stand there and watch them play for hours."

"So that's the scene I painted, just as they are starting this romp, with *Miche coming up to reach for a lump of sugar."

"He's a very, very wonderfully made horse—one of the ten outstanding horses I've painted, and I've done thousands. There's something about *Miche—something in his eye and manner—that makes you look at him a second time."

"We left Saratoga right after the yearling sales, and came back home where I finished the painting. Then when *Miche was sent out here to White Oaks to stud, I took the painting out to the farm; and went out into the field to take *Miche some sugar, which he loves. He came right up to me as if he knew me. He must have known me, because no one on that farm had been in the habit of bringing him sugar. Not many horses would have that much—well, what can you call it but intelligence?"

"I think *Miche will do very well at stud," Mr. Brewer concludes. "He has a wonderful heart, you know—a wonderful racing heart. He's one of my favorite horses."

Belmont Park recently commissioned Mr. Brewer, several of whose works have appeared on the cover of The Chronicle, to paint Mrs. Walter M. Jeffords' Belmont Stakes victor One Count and Alfred G. Vanderbilt's Belmont Futurity winner Native Dancer.

Hanover

If you should ever want to inspect the skeleton of Hanover, last horse to head the American sire list four straight years (1895-98), you will find it mounted at the University of Kentucky in Lexington.

Flying Ship Sold

Hamburg Place, the Lexington, Ky., nursery made so famous by the late John E. Madden, is being revived as a breeding center by C. F. Morris. Latest addition to the Morris broodmare band is the young Flying Ship, bought from F. Ambrose Clark who has announced his retirement from breeding. Flying Ship won 3 races at 2 and showed in the Astor Stakes. She is a half-sister, by War Admiral, to the Rockingham Park star Boy Soldier, and to the dams of the stakes victors King Midas and Flirtations. The dam, Bird Flower, captured the 1934 Adirondack and Albany Handicaps. Flying Ship is in foal to Prince Simon.

Annual Review

The "Blue Grass Edition" of the Lexington Herald-Leader will be published on Sunday, January 11. This annual review of the year's activities in Central Kentucky always contains much information on Thoroughbreds, Standard-breds and show horses. The price for mailaway copies is 50 cents each; and, if previous years are any criterion, the edition will be a "sellout."

Texas Stallion

The Hobby Horse Stables and Jimmie Burr are closely associated with the progress of the hunters and jumpers at Austin, Texas. Now the

Breeding Notes

To Market Scion of Black Toney Line;
Jones Fillies Score Double

Karl Koontz

The Domino line through Black Toney is being, and has been, carried on most effectively by the latter's sons Bimelech (*La Troienne, by *Teddy) and Balladier (Blue Warbler, by *North Star III), and his grandson Blue Larkspur (Black Servant—Blossom Time, by *North Star III).

These stallions have given the turf such champions as Spy Song, Blue Swords, Myrtlewood, Blue Delight, Our Page, Blue Border and the stakes performers of this season Guillotine, Bradley, Hilarious, Renew, Oedipus, Three Rings, Blue Man and Invigorator.

Another top racer of this past season which traces back in top male line to Black Toney, but not through any of the above mentioned sources is To Market. His is the line of Brokers Tip, the horse which won but one stakes race, but picked the right one to win.

Before the rodeo stretch ride by Jockey Donald Meade on Brokers Tip and Jockey Herb Fisher on Head Play, Brokers Tip hadn't earned much of a reputation as a race horse. In fact he started in Kentucky's premier race a maiden. But even a victory in this great race did little to enhance his reputation as it was the only stakes race he ever won.

At stud his record was pretty much a parallel of his racing career. Up until the advent of Market Wise (On Hand, by On Watch), and since that time, he has had little to recommend him as a successful sire.

Market Wise as a race horse far surpassed his sire, even though the best he could do in the Ken-

tucky Derby was to finish 3rd behind the erratic Whirlaway. However, Market Wise set a new American record, two new track records and a list of the horses that he defeated in winning \$222,140 would have to include such capable performers as Whirlaway, Our Boots, War Relic, Attention, Tola Rose and Pictor.

At stud he sired the above mentioned To Market, his first stakes winner, among whose claims to fame is his inability to win a stakes race in New York. This chestnut son of Market Wise—Pretty Does, by Johnstown, was bred by his former owner Sam A. Mason II, and came to the races under the tutelage of W. J. (Buddy) Hirsch.

As a 2-year-old he won the Washington Park Futurity, 2 other races, \$115,555, and earned the title among the 2-year-olds of "Biggest if not Best". In John Campbell's Experimental Free Handicap he stood third in the line-up, being weighted at 121. The leader, Uncle Miltie, was given 126, while Battlefield and Big Stretch were allotted 124.

To Market made his last start in his breeder's colors on June 11 in the Massachusetts 'Cap and when next he appeared he was sporting the "running W" of King Ranch.

This season the big son of Market Wise has accounted for the Hawthorne Gold Cup at Hawthorne, the Arlington 'Cap at Arlington Park, the Massachusetts 'Cap at Suffolk Downs, the San Carlos Handicap at Santa Anita, but the coldest he made it to a stakes win in New York came in the Edgemere Handicap, in which Out Point came on in the very last stages to win by three-parts of a length.

After his racing days are over, his stud career could very well be a success, as his pedigree numbers such famous sires as Peter Pan, Sardanapale, Colin, Broomstick, *Sir Gallahad III, Phararis and Whisk Broom II. He should fit into the King Ranch pattern very nicely.

Trainer H. Ross scored a double on December 30 at Santa Anita with a pair of 2-year-old fillies which were acquired out of the Keeneland Summer sales ring. You may possibly remember when the California gold turned into Kentucky greenbacks, and C. S. Jones paid the highest price for a yearling filly of '51 when they went to \$60,000 to acquire a bay miss by Bull Lea—Lady Lark, by Blue Larkspur. This filly's chief claim to fame at that time lay in the fact that she was a full sister to Twilight Tear, stakes winner and dam of the outstanding A Gleam.

They also put out \$26,000 to acquire a brown filly by *Rico Monte—Boat, by Man o'War. This latter filly, a half-sister to a host of good stakes winners, they named Ria Rica.

Trainer Ross had this filly ready for her debut on April 22, which she won by 2 3-4 lengths at Golden Gate Fields. The other filly, which was registered as Perfection, made her first start 7 days earlier but was not as successful, finishing 2nd behind Silver Friday.

On December 30 the pair were started in a 2-year-old filly allowance affair at 6 furlongs staged at Santa Anita—Perfection was in the 4th event, while Ria Rica graced the 5th.

Perfection had the lead at the 1-2 way marker and held her opposition safe to win by 2 3-4 lengths in 1:11 over a racing strip which was termed muddy. Ria Rica required 1 1-5 seconds longer for her circuit of the course and came from behind to nose out Freya (*Mahmoud—Yacht, by Man o'War), which had been sold in the Saratoga Sales from the consignment of the estate of Samuel D. Riddle for \$6,600.

To say the least neither of these fillies has paid back her owner. But they're winning races and it's always good for business if yearlings which command top prices start out early to pay back their purchase price.

outfit has branched out into Thoroughbred breeding and the stallion standing at the farm is an ideal hunter type. By Bimelech—Sweet Desire, by Jean Valjean, Anthracite was foaled in 1946. His first season at Hobby Horse Stables was last year and his first crop is therefore due this year. He has been schooling over the hunter courses with brilliance and manners and is also an excellent hack. Such qualifications make Owner Burr wish that the A. H. S. A. rules would permit him to show Anthracite in hunter classes.

Travelling Owner-Breeder

James G. Henderson made a trip to Pennsylvania and Virginia just before Christmas but shopping, deadlines and two sales made it necessary for him to get back to Lexington, Ky. and cut his visiting short. Returning home, he sold two horses, one for a friend and the other was John Alden, one of his home-breds. The now 4-year-old bay gelding by Free For All—*Miss Marka, won last year at Delaware Park for owner-breeder Henderson. Mr. Henderson owns John Alden's dam, *Miss Maker (by Cillas, winner of the French Derby), which is a half-sister to River Princess, the dam of *Tico Tico. *Tico Tico, owned by Arthur E. Pew, Jr. and trained by David D. Odell, was the winner of the greatest number of races at the hunt meetings during 1952. *Tico Tico is inbred, being by a grandson of Pharos, whereas *Vieste (dam of *Miss Marker and River Princess) is likewise by Pharos. *Miss Marker's best foal is the 3-year-old colt, Prince Regent (by *Princequillo) which is being trained by Tom Rodrock at the Hitt farm near Middleburg, Va.

*Jacopo Dead

*Jacopo, the brown horse by Sanovino—Black Ray, by Black Jester, which was foaled in 1928, died at Kentmere Farm on December 11. Owned by a syndicate composed of Howell E. Jackson, Gordon Grayson and the Estate of Kenneth N. Gilpin, *Jacopo has been standing at the Boyce, Va. farm since 1946. High on the broodmare sire list for many years, he was also the sire of many top class stakes winners. Now standing at Kentmere Farm are the imported stallions, Beau Gem (Helios—French Gem) and Orestes III (Donatello 2nd—Orison).

Racing Notes

Off-Course Betting Advocates Give "The Golden Goose" Its Annual Polishing

Easy Mark

The coming of the New Year always seems to bring out the off-course betting question. The average citizen can understand this, in fact everybody seems to be able to understand the situation but the political bigwigs, who, before election beg the voters to let them become their servants and after election convey a completely different attitude. It is quite understandable to the common man that when office holders and their associates receive the annual report in the various states in which racing is licensed under pari-mutuel betting, that they look over "The Goose That Laid the Golden Egg" with about the same foresight as the character in the oft repeated nursery rhyme.

It has become an annual ritual for officials of state governments which benefit from the taxes derived from racing to flex the muscles in the tentacles of today's tax octopus in order to test their strength against the apathy of the people and the racing and breeding industry.

With the coming of 1953 those who are backing off-course betting feel that now is as good a time as ever to get this across to the various state governments which have received a big slice from racing under the pari-mutuel system and to show them that they can get a bigger one. Then too, there is the added argument of the corruption in governments, which they hope will carry plenty of weight. These sharp pressure groups, advocating off-course betting, keep hammering over and over the point that there wouldn't be any corrupt cops, corrupt politicians, or corrupt civil servants if they just allowed people to bet legally at a corner betting shop. This is the panacea that would work miracles. This my friends would get rid of the gangsters, bookmakers and the likes, and everything would be rosy with

civic governments, plus the fact the state would be getting a big juicy cut, which would take care of all the faithful. It would even get rid of all the people not in government who try to corrupt the officials. One public servant once stated that for every government official there are five citizens on the outside who were trying to corrupt him. And he was being conservative. The off-course betting group will get rid of these citizens if only people are permitted to bet on races in legalized bookmaking shops. It is "a fine kettle of fish" when pressure groups, who are trying to foist off-course betting on the people of a state, use such means to gain their ends.

Has this country lost all of its heritage? If the office holders in a state cannot enforce the existing laws against illegal bookmaking, what kind of laws can they enforce? And what is the purpose of having a state, or civic government that cannot enforce laws against the illegal bookmaker. What a distorted picture off-course betting interests are painting.

Any traveling salesman will tell you that he can arrive in any town in the United States, and in a two-minute conversation with the teen-age bellhop at the hotel find out just what kind of civic rule prevails in that particular town. He need not be a genius, to get the over-all picture in the town—if it is wide open to bookmakers, or any other illegal traffic; if it is in-between with the lid clamped down tight on certain things and partly open on others; or if the municipal government is strictly honest and all illegal traffic is out in the cold. Yet the average man is expected to swallow the story that if off-course betting was legalized all wide open towns and the in-betweens would suddenly become honest overnight.

It is true that state governments which legalize racing under pari-mutuel betting extend a privilege to people who enjoy racing and to the track operators. However, in turn the state receives the privilege of taxing the people who attend races and back their choice with a wager. We are not of a legal bent, but a race track and the horses which make up a meeting do not belong to the state; they are part of a private enterprise. Whether the state has the right to use a private enterprise to set up off-course betting shops, is another question. The officials at the tracks, the trainers, jockeys and everyone connected with racing are paid not by the state but by private interests. It does not seem fair that a licensed bookmaker, or a state betting shop, should be able to use the facilities of racing to promote off-course betting.

It has always been our contention that for the best interests of racing and breeding, betting should be confined solely to the pari-mutuel windows at the tracks. It takes a certain amount of time and money to be able to take a day off and go to the track for a day of sport, and the man who goes to the races occasionally very rarely gets hurt financially. But this will not be true if you can go to any corner in town and place a bet. A man who probably bets on the races only several times a year will now have the opportunity of doing it every day.

That you cannot legislate out the human instinct for gambling is a universally known axiom. On the other hand it cannot be legalized and funneled into one source—that is into off-course betting on the races. There will always be those who will take a flyer on a championship boxing bout, a baseball game, a college football or basketball game or any other sporting event which catches the public fancy. What do the off-course betting proponents propose to do about the bookies who will continue to take bets on these sports? License them or put them out of business?

Almost any intelligent schoolboy knows the above facts, yet today one cannot pick up a daily paper without seeing columns printed on the advisa-

bility of legalizing off-course betting. It seems that those interested in getting a law of this kind passed have the feeling that perhaps they have legislatures well enough convinced and all that it will take now is the polishing up of the "Golden Goose" and selling the idea of making it produce more tax money to the public. The additional tax money will go towards the general funds and take some of the tax burden off the sunken backs of the people. A very salable idea these days, but whether the people are going to buy rests solely on the shoulders of those who have the best interests of the sport of racing in mind.

Off-course betting in this country can do more damage to the sport of racing than any other single factor. Just let a crowd of irate housewives get together and form an organization to outlaw racing because the breadwinner has been losing money at the corner betting shop, which is needed for the family, and racing will have had it. The state which legalized off-course betting will then be forced to kill its "Golden Goose". The state however, will only have to look around for another source of revenue, but the tracks located in its boundaries, which have millions of dollars invested in the sport, will really suffer. The breeding farms will have to seek other sources of revenue, and people employed by racing other jobs. This can and will happen if excessive betting through off-course shops gets the general public riled up.

States which now have licensed racing and pari-mutuel betting should realize when they receive their annual financial report, that the "Golden Goose" must be protected, not exploited to the point where excesses may cause its sudden death.

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Santiago

Legends of Patron Saint of Horses and Horsemen Is Miraculous and Deeply Religious

Frederic Allen Williams

(The Patron Saint of horses and horsemen down through the ages of Christian History has always been Santiago. Yet, the writer has met many horsemen who did not realize that they had their own very special saintly protector. This spurred the writer to look up the history of the Saint. The material found was so very interesting, indeed wonderful, especially to Americans that the sculptor-writer felt compelled to make an American medal of the Saint, which is, as far as he can ascertain, the first American made medal of this Saint. Frankly, had the author ever dreamed that there was so much material to cover, he might never have attempted this "labor of love". The lack of space in this resume makes this article but a factual introduction to this most interesting material.)

The legends of Santiago who is almost always seen horseback, are so miraculous, so amazing and so deeply religious that they leave the reader spellbound. What a perfect saint for our American cowboy! Some of the legends have become such "tall tales" that the church has discredited them. However, the church lists more than 60 "authorized" apparitions, 38 of which deal with Santiago's fights against the Moors, while 14 of them have occurred in the Western Hemisphere!

Who was Santiago? He was St. James the Greater, Brother of Christ and one of the Apostles. After his martyrdom, his body was placed in a marble boat at Jaffe whence four angels guided it to the west coast of Spain, near the little town of Padron. Taken ashore, the body was placed on a rock which became like wax and molded itself around the body. The pagan Queen Lupa hoped that, put in a cart, drawn by wild oxen, the stone would be destroyed. But under the sign of the cross, the oxen gentled and deposited the stone in the courtyard of her palace. This miracle converted the Queen to Christianity.

The Dark Ages engulfed Europe and the "tomb" was lost. Then it was revealed to a holy man in the 800's. The body was removed to Compostella where his shrine was founded. Today it is considered one of the finest cathedrals in the world and there is preserved the finest example of Romanesque Art in Europe. The popularity of the Shrine grew very rapidly and it has always attracted pilgrims from all over the Christian world.

In Medieval Europe there was none of the military or civil policing that we have today. Then numerous local Dukes were busy creating kingdoms for themselves. That took a lot longer than the land grabbing period of our western frontier. Highway hold-up men made the pilgrimages to the Shrine most hazardous. It was necessary to protect those pilgrims and to administer the tremendous business affairs connected with the operation of the Shrine. So "The Order of Santiago" was organized. Its membership was limited to the well-to-do nobility because they were the only ones who owned horses or commanded men with horses. During that

period the horse was the "armored jeep" that bore his armored rider. The growth of the Shrine was phenomenal. The great crusades either were organized there or passed thereby. The Order became so rich that it might have taken over Rome itself, if the Pope had not made the King of Spain its titular head. From that time on, its power, wealth and importance diminished.

It was in 939 A. D. that King Ramirez of Spain vowed to deliver Castile from the shameful yearly tribute of a hundred Christian virgins to the Moors. The night between his two great clashes with the Moors, Santiago appeared to him. So, when the fighting was resumed, the Saint, riding a great white charger and waving a great white banner, led the Spanish to victory. The Moors are supposed to have left 60,000 dead on that battlefield of Clavejo!

Ever since that time, the war cry of the Spanish Army has been "Santiago!" In the second World War our



paratroopers used the cry "Geronimo!", as they leapt from their planes. Here we have one of the most interesting double switches in history. Within the short space of a hundred years, we have taken for our own, the name of the Indian most hostile to us; the Indians have taken for their own the Saint who helped Cortez, Pizarro and Onate conquer them!

In the early 1500's the procession of conquistadores led the colonization of this hemisphere. From their own records we know that their most valuable assistance was their horse, without which they might never have conquered the Indians. They brought with them the finest blooded animals.

We even have the names, colors, weights and characteristics of all these first horses. Imagine the terrific problem shipping these animals across the Atlantic in those slow sailing ships and the problem of feeding. So, they lost no time in starting to breed the horse in the West Indies. Shortly after Cortez' first trip to Mexico, they were able to take Island-born horses to the mainland.

It is customary for discoverers to name a new place after the Saint on whose day the place is discovered, or perhaps the city founded. So, we have, to mention but two, Santiago de Cuba (the first city of the western hemisphere) and Santiago de Chile.

It is impossible to list in this short article all the places and the various forms of art wherein this Saint is represented. He was known all through Europe—not just Spain. He came to the aid of Charlemagne, King of the Franks and last Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire when he fought the Mohammedans in 778. This aid (apparitions) are pictured in the decorations of the royal sceptre of France. You will find the great German etcher Schongauer did a masterpiece of the Battle of Clavejo. The stained glass windows of many churches, as in the Cathedral of Chartres, have the Santiago legends depicted in them.

Occasionally he is represented afoot in European Art. Then, he carries a long walking pole, a columnous

Theron of Colstream Farm Drawn By George Shepherd

The original of this week's cover picture is owned by Ben Colman of Detroit and Metamore, Michigan, and was drawn by George Shepherd. Mr. Colman is Joint-Master of Metamora Hunt and in addition to his interest in hunting, he owns Colstream Farm in the Metamora country where he breeds hunters as a hobby.

Mr. Colman has been very cooperative with The Chronicle in its effort to portray sport in the mid-west. He is a native of Georgia, having located in Michigan some years ago. The background shown in the picture is of the Metamora hunting country where Theron served as a personal mount to hounds for Mr. Colman.

Mr. Shepherd, whose painting of Charles E. Wilson appeared on the cover of The Chronicle sometime ago, did this drawing of Theron in 1941. At that time his comments on the horse were, "One of those fortunate horses whose performances, past and present, are duly appreciated. Experienced in flat racing, steeplechasing and in many a point-to-point, he and his owner have a grand time in the hunting field."

horseback as Santiago Matamoros (which of course refers to the Moor fights). However, I might add, that today few of the natives know what is meant by the Moors and only consider that it is a symbol of evil, while Santiago is the symbol of good or righteousness. These "Santiagos" are the most popular of all the santos and the old ones are exceedingly valuable and rare. The masterpiece of the Santeros is the beautiful stone altar made for the military chapel in Sante Fe. It has recently been placed in a special chapel attached to the cathedral. The Museum of New Mexico in Sante Fe has a fine old painting of Santiago on a hide.

Tourists to the southwest can often find the small (usually black) pottery horses, made at most of the pueblos, but probably neither the tourist or the Indian knows that it really represents Santiago's horse. On the Saint's day many of the southwest towns celebrate with a procession to the local church, in which the statutes of the Saint are carried for blessing. The families who "own" these ancient statutes guard them very jealously, since they have been presented to their family because they were the outstanding champions of good horses in their pueblo.

At the town of Santa Cruz, New Mexico, during May the pageant of Los Moorosy Christianos is given. The actors representing Santiago and horses depict the triumph of good over evil. Some of the native-made props are very old and most amusing.

So it was, that Santiago helped rid Europe of the evil Infidel; that he came to the New World with Columbus; to Mexico with Cortez; to South America with Pizarro; and finally into our own southwest with Onate to defeat the Indians at Acoma. There are even stories of how he took part in the disputes between Diaz and Villa as recently as 1910! Where next will he ride?

In closing, I wish to add the very famous and commonly used quotation, in fact, it is the church's form of benediction. When Santiago was about to be beheaded by the order of Herod Agrippa, one of his guards, whom he had converted, begged to die with him. Santiago blessed him with his last words, "Pax Vobis".

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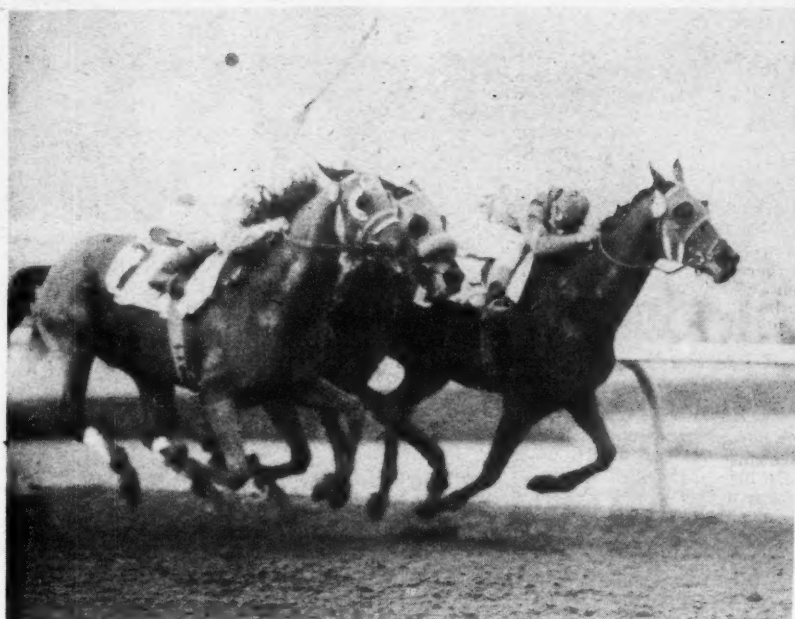
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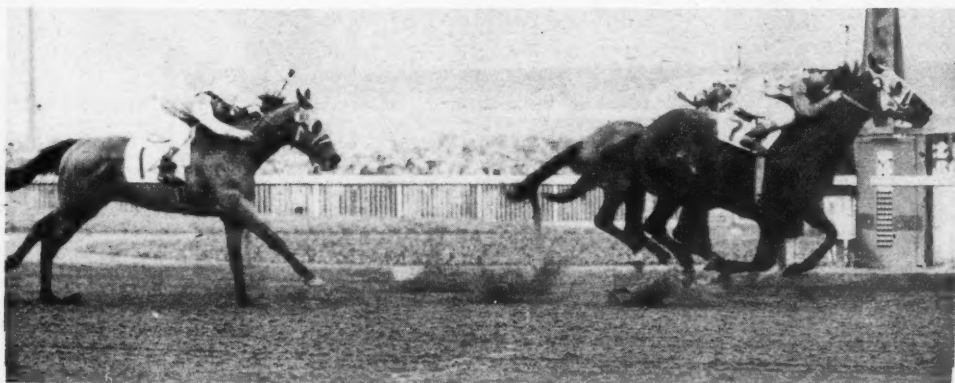
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(Santa Anita Photos)

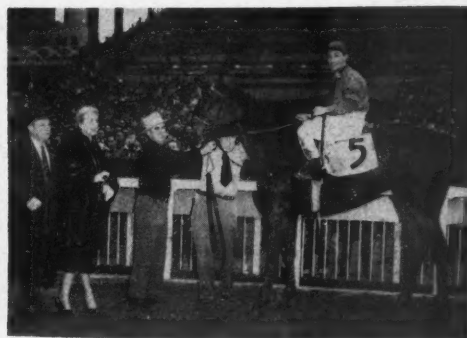
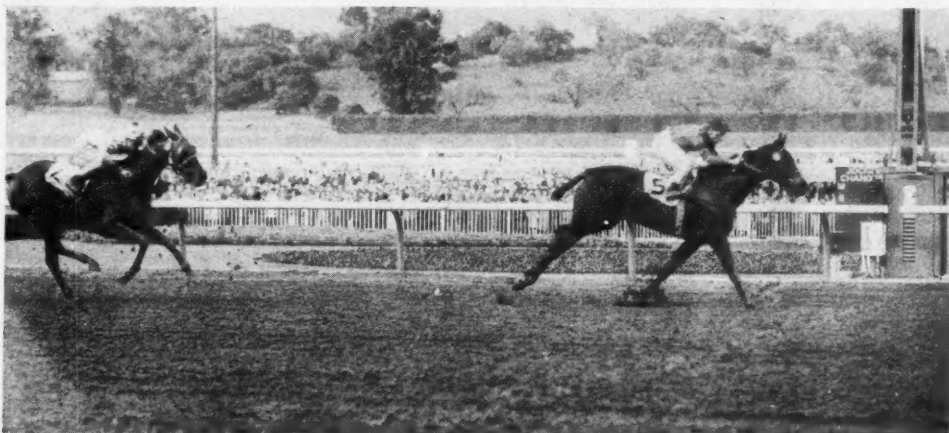
Santa Anita Stakes



KING AND LUELLWITZ'S MOONRUSH (left) defeating Mrs. R. Warner's Trusting and Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Phillips' Horsetrader-Ed in the San Pasqual 'Cap. A nose and a neck separated the first 3 horses. (Right) Moonrush in the winner's circle, Jockey R. Neves up.



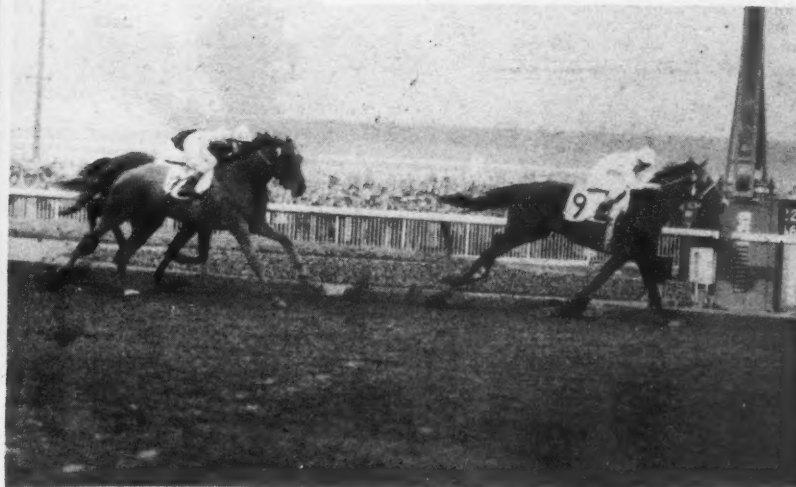
A. G. VANDERBILT'S FIRST GLANCE (left) winning the Palos Verdes 'Cap. Reighs Bull is 2nd and Stranglehold 3rd. Jockey E. Guerin (right) received plate in the winner's circle.



CALUMET'S LAP FULL (left), winning the Santa Ynez Stakes over Mrs. E. M. Davies' Hug Me-Tight. Jockey E. Arcaro, Lap Full, Trainer Jimmy Jones, and Mrs. Gene Markey.



SPRINGHILL STABLE'S DE ANZA (right) after winning the California Breeders Champion Stakes. (Left) De Anza getting under the wire 1½ lengths ahead of Rocking M Ranch's Merryman and C. L. Hirsch's Book Circle.





Calumet Farm's HILL GAIL

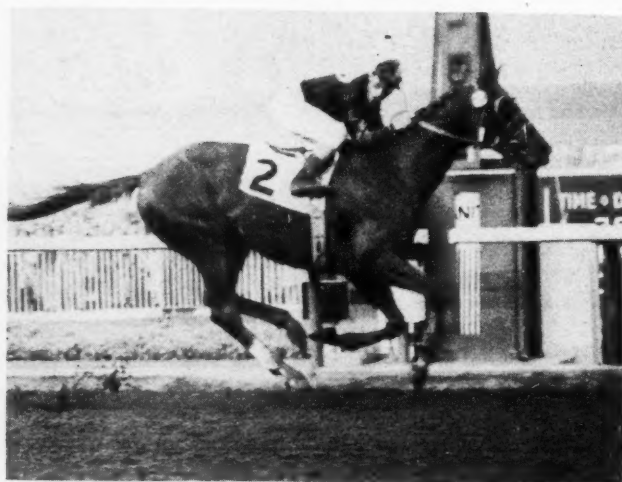


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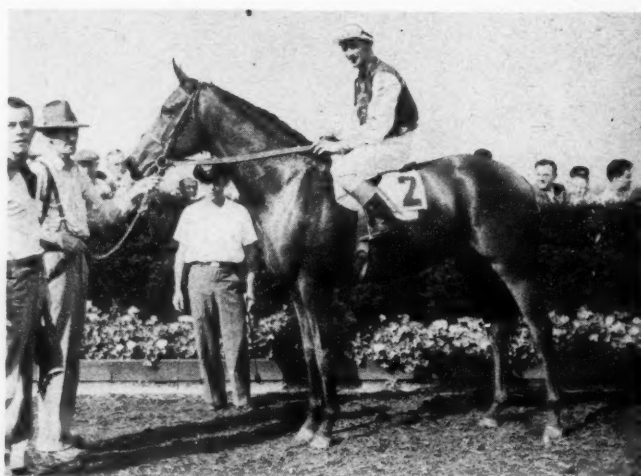
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(JOINT CLOSING)

THE FUTURITY \$50,000 Added

THE MATRON \$25,000 Added

For Mares Served in 1952 (Foals of 1953)—Two-Year-Olds in 1955.

All mares served in 1952 are eligible for this JOINT CLOSING of The Futurity and The Matron. The produce of each mare nominated will automatically become eligible to one of the two races—colts to The Futurity and fillies to The Matron.

To continue eligibility in The Futurity the specified payments will have to be made and the same procedure will apply to The Matron. Fillies, however, may be made eligible to The Futurity not later than July 15, 1955, by payment of all eligibility fees for The Futurity (\$200) and provided the filly has been kept eligible for The Matron.

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Beagling In the Far East



The Little Hounds Are Today the Most Popular Breed In Ceylon

Philip K. Crowe

Sport is where you find it and our British cousins have the happy ability to find it in the most unlikely places. Whoever heard of hunting on the equator yet the Molo Hunt of Kenya Colony in Africa has hunted the reedbuck since 1923; many Anglo-Indian packs today chivy the Jackal in India, and groups of enthusiastic beaglers make the jungles of Ceylon ring with music.

During the late war I witnessed another such sporting triumph over an inhospitable terrain. I had flown in that afternoon from Kunning to Calcutta. It was just before the monsoon and the land was baked to an iron hardness. The thermometer hung limp in the high nineties and all I wanted was a bath and a long cool drink. I was staying with Colonel Simpson Dean, the Master of the Vicmead Hunt of Wilmington, Del. and should have known that if there was any sport around he would find it. Quite casually he asked me if I would like to go beagling but it took a good many gin slings to make me grasp he really meant it. Finally, arrayed in borrowed shorts and grasping a long pole to vault the ditches, we sallied forth.

There was a beagle pack and very good little pack at that. Major General A. V. T. Wakely C. B., D. S. O., M. C. and last but not least M. B., maintained 2-2 couple of stud book beagles in the Tallygung suburb of Calcutta where he hunted anything that came down the pike from jungle cats to hare and jackal.

Drawing a particularly nasty thorn thicket, the little hounds pushed a brace of jackal into the open and we had a fast 20-minute point before the hunted Jack put an unvaultable ditch between us and hounds. Our three native whippers-in assayed the leap and landed in the waist-deep muck. But the time hounds were rounded up darkness had come and we tramped home in the twilight, exhausted but happy. Since then General Wakely has retired and taken a pack of fox hounds in Ireland, but I am sure he remembers with the greatest of pleasure those hunting evenings on the delta of the Hoogley.

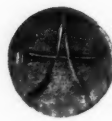
Having hunted my own beagles for nearly twenty years I am naturally fond of the little hounds and note with more than casual interest news about them. The Chronicle and Hounds and Hunting faithfully portray the sport in this country but one must turn to the Field and Horse and Hound of England for the world picture. Two recent articles in the former publication are a case in point.

"Tea Estate Beagles" by Macdonald Daly notes that the beagle is today the most popular dog in Ceylon. He is kept not only for hunting the hare and other ground game but for his undeniable charm as a pet and companion.

Mr. Daly was especially taken with Locinri Merry Lass, the property of a Scotch tea planter named Nicol. There is never a day, her owner declared, when she does not hunt on the hills above Colombo. The Ceylonese packs are small, 2 to 4 couple, and all privately owned. Some beaglers there shoot over their hounds

ARAPAHOE HUNT

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Established 1929.
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The Arapahoe's opening meet was held on October 19, a few days after the first draft of cold air this year had blown in. Unfortunately by the time the meet was scheduled dry weather again prevailed and hounds had little scent to run even when a coyote was viewed. It was good though to see the familiar hunting faces after a summer's absence, and a reassuring note to find our able huntsman, George Beeman, apparently recovered from his serious fall last spring and showing no ill effects from broken vertebrae and ribs. Even a cast kept him off a horse only four weeks, and as the season has progressed it is evident that he still rides like a fiend, and nothing in the way of a broken neck is going to stop him.

October continued hot and dry and brought out large fields; hounds tried hard but had to be watered frequently and runs were consequently of short duration. Coyotes were scarce, hare and deer were everywhere. Our first good run didn't come until the 2nd of November, a cool, misty day. A coyote was gotten up in the Tower and ran up the Anticline, down the rocky north slope and on into the rolling grazing lands of the Purebred pasture and Section 12.

On the 6th it was still cool and we had a very fast burst after a coyote who literally ran head-on into hounds coming around a spur of the Anticline. Making as fast and sharp a turn as we have ever seen, our quarry flew north heading for the Purebred where he ran parallel to Bennet's Gulch. However, he stayed on high land to the west and gave us a beautiful gallop down those grassy fields, on into Section 12 before he turned west through a woven-wire fence into fields covered with pretty, thick cheat grass (scent not too good there) and disappeared into the creek bed below the Trap where hounds lost him.

Snow fell on the 9th and helped hounds considerably though they had

but many are kept purely for their music.

Beagles were first imported to Ceylon by a lady M. F. H. from England who brought a few hounds to the hill station of Kandi forty years ago. At first only the British residents owned them but puppies have a way of getting around and today there are many native owners of the breed.

The Molo Hunt of Kenya was another article in the Field which attracted my attention. I have never been in the Molo country proper but I have been on the Kenya-Uganda railway and remember the teeming herds of game that used to halt traffic near the Molo forests. That was many years ago and according to Robbie Barcroft, the author of the Field article, the country has now been cleared for cultivation and resembles the Berkshire hills of England. Despite its proximity to the equator the terrain is high—the Mau plateau being between 7,500 and 9,000 feet above sea level—and the climate is clear and temperate, with cold nights and even occasional frost.

The quarry hunted is reedbuck, a little fawn colored deer about 30 inches high. The male carries horns like a chamois and is capable of giving long and fast points. Mr. Barcroft cites a hunt of 1 hour and 13 minutes before hounds killed. The country is rolling with irrigation ditches, timber and some wire.

Among hounds imported was a draft of Kerry Beagles, the famous Scarceens of Ireland, which are really small fox hounds. Brought to the Colony by W. F. Tench in 1936, they proved admirably suited to hunting the reedbuck, and, although nearly bred out of the current pack they have left their stamp on its hunting ability.

difficulty holding the line once the coyote made his turn and was travelling south. The 13th was a blank and on the 16th hounds were taken to the East Ranch in hope of finding there. We had a good long ride too before one was found near the second Pinnacle and then he played ring-around-the-rosy with us up and down the steep sides of the mesa. One innocent looking panel was jumped three times in opposite directions in about as many minutes with confusion great among hounds and riders. Eventually the line straightened out into more open country to the south and we had a short run before hounds were called in.

On the 19th we had a good afternoon, finding in the Tower, and hounds running near the base of the Anticline and then towards the corner of the Purebred where they lost. Continuing north about a mile Stu viewed again and this time scent was better and we had a very fast run going west from Bennett's Gulch near the Section 12 fence line, turning left up the draw for about a mile, then west across the road and into the breaks behind Headquarters, finally making for the long slope up the back of the Anticline.

With the first big snow on the 22nd came a drop in temperature which left ice on the highway and the Colorado Springs hunters at home. It never got warmer than 12 degrees above zero and a few snowflakes fell all day but scent was excellent and the hardy souls who turned out had 45 minutes they'll never stop talking about.

It was only a degree or two warmer on Thanksgiving and eight inches of snow still lay unmelted on the ground, but that nice bright Colorado sun was shining and when it is out it doesn't matter how cold the air is. A tally-ho ten minutes out of Kennels and thereafter a 40-minute run with very few and very short checks kept everyone warm. We galloped the much described route from the Tower north into the Purebred, on into Section 12 where the coyote turned and took us all the way home again.

By the 30th it was warmer, but the ground was still entirely covered by snow. When the first line in the Pollack gave out after half a mile, hounds were cast north and had just entered Section 16 when a coyote was viewed again. We went first through an old cornfield undermined by gophers and then through the well-named Holy Land, all well covered with snow, and people came off right and left. Mrs. Paul Wolf's grey Arab stepped in a hole, broke his girth when he fell and deposited his rider well in front of him; she rode home bareback. Next R. R. King's mount popped a snow covered ditch and left Mr. King in the ditch. The final calamity came when Colonel Hans Kloefer (who was out for the first time this season) and his big hunter Kimball came a cropper in a hole. Now both the Colonel and Kimball are famous in the annals of the Arapahoe but neither's one's name has ever appeared honestly on the Register. The Colonel has enough arthritis and sciatica to keep most men in bed, but he says the only place he is comfortable is on a horse. Kimball has a nice broad back and rocking chair gaits—he is a cross between a Thoroughbred and a Clydesdale. In the words of his master "he has everything," including tremendous feet, well feathered, which kick out huge snow balls but never prevent him from staying to the fore during the longest and fastest of runs. Fortunately neither was hurt when Kimball put a foot in the rabbit's home, but the Colonel failed to catch his off stirrup on remounting. Generous offers were made to stop with him while he fixed it but he just kicked out the other stirrup and remarked on passing that the scent was too fast. Needless to say he couldn't walk for days afterwards.

In the meanwhile hounds were running mile after mile at the same steady, continuous pace and even the most fractious horses in the field were galloping along like old do-bins. The cry of hounds was ringing through the still air and we were going in an almost straight line across those very flat fields towards Headquarters. Passing through the picnic grounds, hounds crossed Headquarters road and began the long run up the north slope of the Anti-

Continued On Page 11

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An account of hunting with the Meadow Brook Hounds from November 1 through December 27, 1952.

On Saturday, November 1, a Field of 44 gathered at C. V. Hickox' for the opening meet of Meadow Brook Hounds. It was unseasonably warm and we had had no rain for more than a month. After drawing the power line and Hutton's blank, a fox was viewed in Whitney's but hounds could not run him at all; it was simply too hot and dry.

Hounds did not go out on either Election Day or Saturday, November 8, as we had still not had any rain and Governor Dewey was forced to close the woods in New York State due to the danger of fire.

By Armistice Day, November 11, there had been a little rain and 21 people met at Mrs. Marion Shotter's to try their luck after a week and a half devoid of hunting. It was still too dry, however. Brewster's, Murnane's, Senff's, Willock's and Campbell's were all drawn blank. At last a fox was viewed in Steven's but hounds could not hold the line.

On November 14 we met at the Westbury pond and moved off eastward directly to the Winthrop fields. Hounds immediately jumped a fox in a hedge row and ran him swiftly and with great cry north past Winthrop's barns, where he was viewed. Then he went to ground in a drain down by the old garage.

We drew Whitney's, Hickox' and Goodyear's blank. As we entered Broad Hollow a light rain started to fall and scent, which had been failing due to the still dry ground, improved.

A cold trail was picked up in the Elk Pen which hounds ran south to Winthrop's race track and thence right-handed through Winthrop's to Stoddard's where they lost after 15 minutes.

The third fox of the day was started in Broad Hollow and ran south and was lost after a few minutes. At last with only 5 die-hards left, we got our best run of the day. A fox got up in Jay's field, ran north along the power line to the Wheatly Road, right-handed through Bliss' and, to ground near Clark's field after 15 minutes.

On the 19th several members of Meadow Brook Hounds journeyed to Poughkeepsie to hunt with Rom-bout Hunt at the invitation of the late Homer Gray. It was a fine day of sport enjoyed by all and made particularly memorable due to the kindness and hospitality of that great sportsman, Mr. Gray, whom none of us should ever forget.

It poured rain on the 22nd and we did not hunt, but on the following day, 40 enthusiasts, undaunted by first the draught and then the deluge, met at W. F. Dobbs'. We had a fine day of sport which began when Panic hit a line in Broad Hollow which he worked west with little help from the rest of the pack until he was finally all blown off at Kramer's driveway.

Hounds jumped a brace of fox in the Elk Pen which split at Morgan's driveway, splitting the pack as well. After a few minutes hounds were cast right-handed and that fox gave us a fast hunt across Clark's field, where he was viewed by Mr. Brown. He went right-handed very fast through Broad Hollow and to ground after a good 25 minutes.

We crossed the Wheatly Road and found a fox near Peck's House. He ran south to Grace's marble pile and right-handed to Whitney's fields where he turned and ran up the farm road. A slow, spotty hunt ensued and hounds finally lost near Guest's after 25 minutes.

Thanksgiving Day dawned unseasonably mild and promised better sport than actually materialized. A fox was viewed south of Willock's house soon after leaving the meet which had been at the old kennels. This pilot ran to the covert paralleling the muttontown Road; thence left-handed across Walker's field, through the wood south of the old kennels and to ground near Mrs. Todd's pond.

Thirty-six people met on November 29 at Winthrop's. We drew the Elk Pen and hounds jumped their first fox close to the Winthrop race track. They drove him at a fast clip through the south end of Broad Hollow, across Kramer's, Von Stade's and Clark's paddocks to Winthrop's. Then they went left-handed across Powell Lane and into Phipps' where the fox went into a drain on their driveway after 25 minutes.

We hacked to Garvan's and started a fox which immediately ducked into a drain under the drive but came out at the far end and was chopped by hounds.

A third fox was started nearby in Garvan's and took hounds for a fast 20 minutes through the Whitney woods, across Guest's open fields, and right-handed to Whitney's where he was lost when he crossed a manured field.

We hurried to Hickox' as news was received that a fox had been seen there earlier in the morning and sure enough, he was found sunning himself in the big north field. This pilot, however, was badly scared and taking no chances, went to ground in Hills' after a short burst in full view of the field.

Another fox jumped up in Hutton's but went to ground immediately. We hacked to Bliss' and drew towards Clark's field where our sixth fox was viewed away across the open. He ran east through Broad Hollow to Burrell's and right-handed to Kramer's driveway, where hounds lost in the confusion resulting from an encounter with some shooters with dogs. All in all, this was an excellent day.

On December 3 we had more trouble with the weather. This time it was snow that kept us home. On the 6th, however, we met at George S. Brewster's and after drawing through Coe's, Batterman's, Bird's, Piping Rock and Mitchell's blank, we started a fox in Coe's. This fox ran towards Iselin's briar patch, back right-handed through Coe's, across the road into Bird's, and down to the Batterman's road where hounds lost after a slow hunt of 25 minutes.

December 10 proved to be a fine day. Hounds met at J. J. McDonald's and began the day by running first one and then a second fox from the hills west of the lakes in Jones', south across the dirt road to ground in bursts of 10 and 15 minutes respectively.

We crossed 25A into Schiff's where the best run of the day started. This third fox made a big loop in Schiff's, came out into the open in the fields along the Oyster Bay Road, ran as far north as he could and then turned left. He crossed the road and ran up Schiff's driveway across another road and into McCann's. Here hounds checked on the driveway. They found quite far up into the west and had a somewhat slower hunt to the East Norwich-Oyster Bay Road and back left handed through McCann's to 25A where failing scent forced us to stop after a hunt of better than an hour.

On Wednesday, December 17, hounds met at Atherton's. We had a short circling hunt through Davison's covert near the Mill River Road and another short burst in Schiff's. Scent was very poor.

Thirty-four people turned out for the meet at the old kennels on December 20. We drew Walker's and started a fox which ran right-handed through Turner's and Stebbin's paddocks to ground in the old kennel's covert after 8 minutes. After crossing the East Norwich Road, hounds got up a swift fox in King Zog's. He ran like smoke across Kelly's paddocks and into Brewster's where he made a large left-handed loop and went to ground after 20 minutes.

December 24 was a children's hunt and out of the fine group of youngsters who appeared at the meet at Wigmore's, the following drew positions: David Berliner and Sue Madison, Joint-Masters; Gail Fredericks, 1st whip; Torrance Watkins, 2nd whip; Dorr Watkins, huntsman and Thorn Watkins, secretary. Of these enthusiastic children, 6-year-old Torrance Watkins on her 11-hand pony was outstanding. The seriousness and diligence with which she went about her job of staying with the 2nd whip, George Hudson, was a pleasure to behold. Surely enthusiastic children such as the ones who turned out on Christmas Eve to hunt with Meadow

Brook bode well for the future of hunting.

This day we drew Francke's, Howe's and Ellis' blank. In Broad Hollow hounds feathered on a line but could not handle it. A fox got up in the Elk Pen which hounds ran with great cry across the northeast corner of Clark's field. They then went left-handed across Morgan's and south through Stoddard's to a drain in Winthrop's after a fast 15 minutes of nice galloping in open country.

For the final day of hunting for the year 1952, 34 people met at the Piping Rock show grounds on December 27. Shortly after moving off, hounds jumped a fox which ran to the Chicken Valley Road. He was turned by cars and ran back right-handed through Merrill's and Mitchell's. In spite of the noise of guns, he passed nearby the trap shooting range and was lost in the ensuing confusion.

We hacked to Iselin's and drew through to Coe's where a fox got up and made a big circle of the woods. Then he ran the length of Coe's field and went to ground in a briar patch on the west side. Moments later two foxes were jumped on the east side and hounds went away on one which circled the big wood. He crossed the Mill River Road to Bonney's, went under their anchor post fence and ran to the big Oyster Bay sand bank where hounds had to be whipped off.

After an unsuccessful attempt to find the other Coe fox which had been viewed running west, we drew through Anderson's, Berquist's, Davis' and Chadbourne's to Francke's where a fourth fox got up. He took us for a slow hunt with gradually failing scent, in high wind, through Bayne's, Blair's, Brewster's, Murnane's, across the Muttontown Road to Winthrop's and Howe's. Here scent finally gave out on the Fruitledge Road after 50 minutes.

Thus, except for some poor luck with the weather, we have had a fine fall season of hunting and hope that this good sport will continue into the New Year.—Cora Cavanagh, honorary secretary.

Arapahoe Hunt

Continued From Page 10

cline where they were called in about a mile and a half from Kennels after a 35-minute run without a check and as fast as horses could follow.

On the 4th of December hounds found their own line in the snow, ran it over the Anticline, down the north slope and made a big left hand circle through the Purebred and Section 12 and back to the original point of departure. Here the line was well confused but they worked it out through the old tracks and ran a second smaller circle around the back of the Anticline before they were called in. Hilltoppers told us afterwards the country was alive with coyotes—it was the first sign this year that more than two or three were around, and most welcome news to all of us.

On the 7th we ran the familiar route from the Tower to Section 12 and back. We had two short runs on the 11th—the first through the Tower's scrub oak country and the second through the very rough Hole and back into the Tower. Forty-five riders turned out on the 14th, our largest Field this season, and we had a perfect day, warm and clear and the ground damp. A tally-ho from the Anticline took us north onto the prairies, down through the Purebred as fast as we could go, on into Section 12, then left-handed towards Headquarters and south up the Trap where hounds checked. A few minutes later they had the line again and were running through the breaks behind Headquarters, into the Tower

country and were called in on top the Anticline. The Joe Hollands and Reginald Sinclaires gave a whopping hunt breakfast at the Sinclaire's lovely Plum Creek Ranch afterwards—it was a perfect day from beginning to end.—H. C. N.

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SEATTLE, Washington, Olympic Hotel—Feb. 4th - 5th
SAN FRANCISCO, Calif., Palace Hotel—Feb. 9th - 18th
SANTA BARBARA, Calif., El Mirasol—Feb. 19th - 21st
LOS ANGELES, Calif., Biltmore Hotel—Feb. 23rd - March 7th

Horse Shows

WEEKLY NEWS FROM THE SHOW CIRCUITS



Hunter and Jumper Associations Are Great Help To Exhibitors In Those Divisions

Nancy G. Lee

Hunter and jumper enthusiasts appear to spring up in some spots on the map where their activities are completely foreign. Thus the exhibitors at the horse shows spend miserable years trying to get the committees to include classes for their entries. Getting the classes listed is not the only battle as too often the conditions of such events are not set forth clearly and the judge is at a loss as to just what his selections should be based upon.

To people who have always found the gate open to hunters and jumpers it sometimes appears that such cases are purely isolated ones. However, that is not the situation at all. There are many sections in this country where horsemen are striving to bring the hunters and jumpers to the foreground. Their efforts sometimes appear to be at a standstill but there is always some one or some group to keep it going. When one or more in the group branches out to Thoroughbred breeding, they do not receive much support as the breeders of other type horses usually hold the top hand.

Getting a better share of the classes at horse shows is a terrific job in some states and when the horse show committee can show that an event has been run at a profit without the inclusion of hunters and jumpers, then the problem is twice as hard. To make the going somewhat easier and at least have the entire group of horsemen working together for the same purpose, quite a number of states now have such horsemen represented by hunter and jumper associations. Some years ago the horse show coverage from Texas used to have just a handful of hunter and jumper events and once in a great while a junior would have an equitation class, hunting seat. With the organizing of the Texas Hunter and Jumper Association, such is not the case today. The classes in these two divisions has grown by leaps and bounds and the equitation events for the hunting seat is now a must. The interest shown by the juniors alone is enough to insure the future of the hunters and jumpers. There are many more states which have such associations but Texas was just selected as one of the more recent ones. How much it has progressed was clearly shown last November when Miss Terry Jo Cocke rode Tuxedo at the National Horse Show to annex the blue in the Frank Melville trophy class in which over 50 horses participated.

The latest hunter and jumper group to organize is that of the Washington State Hunters and Jumpers Association. For some years now these horsemen have been holding indoor horse shows when other sections had hung up their tack for the winter. As the season progressed and the outdoor rings could be utilized the fixtures moved to those scenes. However, with their present set up, the new season points toward quite an improvement. Horse show committees have promised that hunter classes will be in their programs, something that has not been present in the State of Washington for many years.

There are quite a number of states now represented by such associations and in some sections several states have gone together to form organizations known as Inter-State or tri-State associations. Such progress can only mean greater improving in showing conditions for the hunter and jumper exhibitors. No one state will be faced with the

same problems and it stands to reason that a state organization can do a great deal toward promoting the sport. With their problems handled by such groups, exhibitors' interest will increase and from this added interest will come more entries for shows and the enlargement of shows. There is no question as to having a national association for all horse shows but the ground work laid by the state organizations can do much toward making possible membership in the national group.

Camden Christmas Junior

The classes at this show were excellent, not only from the standpoint of size, but also the quality of riding was on the whole superior to last year. Camden is very fortunate in having Commander Shannon Heath who has instilled in these youngsters not only the fundamentals of horsemanship, but sportsmanship as well, which is an element that is sadly overlooked in many instances.

Mrs. Minnick brought a group of children up from Augusta, Ga. for the show. She has done a wonderful job with these children and deserves a great deal of credit. They are an excellent group of riders, and it is obvious they have been subjected to, and have absorbed, some of the finer arts of horsemanship.

Indicative of the fine spirit of the junior show is the fact that there were eleven entries in the hunt team class. No one needs to be told that even in adult shows that is a fine representation.

Miss Ruth Helen Woolfe, Ray Woolfe's young daughter, walked off with top honors by winning the Samuel J. Russell memorial challenge trophy. This class was open to all those juniors who had won, or placed 2nd in any horsemanship class of the day. Merrell Wooddall, of Augusta, was the reserve champion.

After the show, Judge Carter P. Brown gave all of the exhibitors an informal talk.

SHOW CORRESPONDENT

PLACE: Camden, S. C.
TIME: December 29, 1952.
JUDGE: Carter P. Brown.
CH.: Ruth Helen Woolfe.
Res.: Merrell Wooddall.

SUMMARIES

Beginner's horsemanship, hunting seat, 8 & under—1. Effie Taylor; 2. Cassie Sheffield; 3. Lee Harrison; 4. Annabelle Whiting.
Horsemanship over fences, 12 & under—1. Jeff Groat; 2. Ruth Helen Woolfe; 3. Boake Boykin; 4. Charlie Sweet.
Horsemanship, hunting seat, 9 & under—1. Sue DuBoise; 2. Patsy Taylor; 3. Pat Minnick; 4. Jamie Guy.
Horsemanship over fences, bareback, 17 & under—1. Ashlyn Wyman; 2. Merrell Wooddall; 3. Helen Sheffield; 4. Red DuBoise.
Horsemanship, hunting seat, 10 to 12—1. Ruth Helen Woolfe; 2. Bill Goodale; 3. Boake Boykin; 4. Charlie Sweet.
Children's hunters, 11 & under—1. Duchess, S. C. Clyburn; 2. Ski High, Martha Murphy; 3. Top Sergeant, Nina Thomas; 4. Jerry, Helen Sheffield.
Horsemanship, hunting seat, 13 to 17—1. Ashlyn Wyman; 2. Nina Thomas; 3. Merrell Wooddall; 4. Phoebe Miller.
Horsemanship over fences, 13 to 17—1. Penny Sheffield; 2. Merrell Wooddall; 3. Stephen Clyburn; 4. Helen Sheffield.
Hunt teams—1. Clyburn Hunt Team; 2. Cool Spring Hunt Team; 3. Augusta Hunt Team; 4. Forest Acres Hunt Team.

Holiday

If the Holiday horse show had not been for hardy juniors, it is doubtful that so many entrants would have

appeared. The temperature in some places was as low as three above zero. While the show was held in the Thomas School of Horsemanship's indoor ring, the riders had to wait their turn outside. Even so, it seemed as though the parents suffered much more than the children.

The blue ribbons and championships in the open classes were rather "hogged" by just a few juniors. Miss Barbara Marra rode her old, reliable Sir Bay to win both the hunter and jumper tri-colors. Miss Gail Price shared in both reserves but with different mounts. In the hunter division it was her Hustler which carried her to the championship while her remarkable grey pony, Cloud, accounted for the jumper award.

The horsemanship classes proved to be a complete monopoly for the Rices. Kathleen, the winner of both the over 14 classes, was champion, while Nancy, winner of both the under 14 classes, was reserve.

There were many classes devoted to members of the Thomas School of Horsemanship and championships awarded to several divisions. Winner of the overall, under 18, championship was Miss Barbara Fox, who also placed in some open events. Reserve honors went to Miss Chris Jones.

SHOW CORRESPONDENT

PLACE: West Hills, N. Y.
TIME: December 28
JUDGES: Joseph Donnelly and Vincent Quinn.
HUNTER CH.: Sir Bay, Barbara Marra.
Res.: Hustler, Gail Price.
JUMPER CH.: Sir Bay, Barbara Marra.
Res.: Cloud, Gail Price.
HORSEMANSHIP CH.: Kathleen Rice.
Res.: Nancy Rice.
THOMAS SCHOOL CHAMPION, under 12: Linda Cassin.
Reserve: Suzie Simmon.
THOMAS SCHOOL CHAMPION, under 14: Ralph Johnson.
Res.: Victor Vacquier.
THOMAS SCHOOL CHAMPIONSHIP, under 18: Barbara Fox.
Reserve: Chris Jones.

SUMMARIES

Working hunters—1. Sir Bay, Barbara Marra; 2. Hustler, Gail Price; 3. Tepee, Thomas Fallon; 4. Sir William, Thomas School of Horsemanship.
Conformation hunters—1. Hill King, David Berliner; 2. Sir William; 3. Shaun Spadah; 4. Midnite, Thomas School of Horsemanship.
Handy hunters—1. Sir Bay; 2. Hustler; 3. Midnite; 4. Entry, Edward Munson.
Jumpers—1. Jumping Jack, Thomas School of Horsemanship; 2. Shaun Spadah; 3. Jumping Jive, Thomas School of Horsemanship; 4. Cloud, Gail Price.
Jumpers—1. Cloud; 2. Rice Krispy, David Rintoul; 3. Jumping Jill, Ted Lord; 4. Jumping Jive.
F.E.I. jumpers—1. Sir Bay; 2. Cloud; 3. Hill King, David Berliner; 4. Jumping Jive.
Jumpers—F.E.I.—1. Sir Bay; 2. Hill King; 3. Lady Calvert, Dick Lewis; 4. Lady Luck, Thomas School of Horsemanship.
Horsemanship under 14 (over fences)—1. Nancy Rice; 2. Ralph Johnson; 3. Susan Schler; 4. Gail Price; 5. Linda Thomas; 6. Sandy Rice.
Horsemanship, 14-19—1. Kathleen Rice; 2. Barbara Marra; 3. Dick Lewis; 4. Barbara Fox; 5. Clarita Erlanson; 6. Evelyn Sauve.
Horsemanship 14-19 (over fences)—1. Kathleen Rice; 2. Christopher Jones; 3. Evelyn Sauve; 4. Barbara Marra; 5. David Berliner; 6. Ann Schulz.
Horsemanship, under 14—1. Nancy Rice; 2. Linda Thomas; 3. Gail Price; 4. Susan Schler; 5. Carol Moffitt; 6. Sandy Rice.

Sunday, December 28, 1952

Thomas School Championship Classes, for riders under 12, walk, trot, canter—1. Linda Cassin; 2. Kitty McNally; 3. Louise Doughten; 4. Lynn Schwarz; 5. Ward Cassullo; 6. Suzie Simmon.
Thomas School Championship Classes, for riders under 12, musical stalls—1. Suzie Simmon; 2. Linda Cassin; 3. Ward Cassullo; 4. Eileen Harris; 5. Kitty McNally; 6. Lynn Schwarz.
Thomas School Championship Classes, for riders under 12, obedience class—1. Suzie Simmon; 2. Lynn Schwarz; 3. Janet Joyce; 4. Dick Briller; 5. Louise Doughten; 6. Linda Cassin.
Thomas School Championship Classes, for riders under 12, walk, trot, canter—1. Ward Cassullo; 2. Louise Doughten; 3. Linda Cassin; 4. Kitty McNally; 5. Suzie Simmon; 6. Eileen Harris.
Thomas School Championship Classes, for riders under 14, walk, trot, canter—1. Ralph Johnson; 2. Victor Vacquier; 3. Valerie Gladstone; 4. Heather MacLean; 5. Winifred Allen; 6. Lind Lee.
Thomas School Championship Classes, for riders under 14, musical chairs—1. Denise Denton; 2. Victor Vacquier; 3. Frances Fricker; 4. Sandra Fraser; 5. Winifred Allen; 6. Ralph Johnson.
Thomas School Championship Classes, for riders under 14, horsemanship over fences, 2, 6"—1. Ralph Johnson; 2. Heather MacLean;

3. Winifred Allen; 4. Valerie Gladstone; 5. Sandra Fraser; 6. Lind Lee.
Thomas School Championship Classes, for riders under 14, walk, trot, canter—1. Ralph Johnson; 2. Lind Lee; 3. Winifred Allen; 4. Victor Vacquier; 5. Sandra Fraser; 6. Heather MacLean.

Thomas School Championship Classes, for riders under 18, walk, trot, canter—1. Barbara Fox; 2. Cynthia Enloe; 3. Dorothy Hostage; 4. Carol Lord; 5. Evelyn Sauve; 6. Richard Podlesney.

Thomas School Championship Classes, for riders under 18, musical chairs—1. Chris Jones; 2. Carol Lord; 3. Anita Ohland; 4. Ed Lukemire; 5. Dorothy Hostage; 6. Cynthia Enloe.
Thomas School Championship Classes, for riders under 18, walk, trot, canter—1. Barbara Fox; 2. Evelyn Sauve; 3. Carol Lord; 4. Ed Lukemire; 5. Rosalind Wood; 6. Chris Jones.

Thomas School Championship Classes, for riders under 18, horsemanship over fences, 3"—1. Chris Jones; 2. Evelyn Sauve; 3. Barbara Fox; 4. Dorothy Hostage; 5. Carol Lord; 6. Ed Lukemire.

New Year Indoor

The first reaction on seeing John Melville's The Count, almost invariably, seems to be, "What a grand hunter he must be." Besides being a steady, consistent jumper, this hunting hunter possessed the good manners that one always attributes to any horse schooled and shown by Mr. Melville. The judges of the Ox Ridge Club's New Year Indoor show certainly seem to go along with that opinion because The Count gained the championship by a wide point margin, even though he remained unplaced in the stake. Winner of the stake and reserve was Mrs. Elizabeth Correll's hold going Royal Guard, ridden by Mrs. Alvin Lindsay for whom he seems to perform remarkably well. This same horse caused quite a controversy when he placed 3rd in the jumper stake. He had not been shown in any other jumper classes and according to the program he wasn't entered in the stake either. However, two entry blanks were produced and on one the class was listed.

Ox Ridge is another show whose courses Hutchinson Stables' Peg's Pride seems to like particularly well. Although the P. H. A. champion did not establish the great monopoly that he has sometimes done in the past, he did win two classes, including the stake, and enough lesser ribbons to secure the championship. Reserve was Shannon Stables' Lad O'War which was ridden, turn about, by Steve Hawkins and Miss Betty Haight. The big, white horse seems to go much better when the fences are "way up there" as he proved when he won the knock-down-and-out after several jump offs.

SHOW CORRESPONDENT

PLACE: Darien, Conn.
TIME: January 3.
JUDGES: Mrs. Walter Fletcher, Jack Spratt and Mrs. John S. Wilson, hunters, hacks and horsemanship; Frederick L. Devereux, Jr. and John S. Wilson, jumpers.
HORSEMANSHIP (hunting seat) CH.: George Morris.
Res.: Glenna Lee Maduro.
JUMPER CH.: Peg's Pride, Hutchinson Stables, 30 pts.
Res.: Lad O'War, Shannon Stables, 13 pts.
WORKING HUNTER H.: The Count, John M. Melville, 18½ pts.
Res.: Royal Guard, Mrs. Elizabeth Correll, 10 pts.

SUMMARIES

Open jumpers—1. Peg's Pride, Hutchinson Stables; 2. Magnify, Midkiff Farm; 3. Prince River, Fred Blum; 4. Bim X, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Carroll.
Open working hunters—1. The Count, John M. Melville; 2. Hydro Fashion, Betts Nashem; 3. Sporting Chance, Ralph Peterson; 4. Lankia, Patricia Kelley.
Open horsemanship, 14 and under 18—1. Glenna Lee Maduro; 2. George H. Morris; 3. Barbara Kellam; 4. Pamela Turnure; 5. Patricia O'Connor; 6. Patsy Ann Smith.
A.S.A. medal hunting seat—1. Glenna Lee Maduro; 2. Rosalind La Roche; 3. Julie Kellam; 4. Patsy Ann Smith; 5. Pamela Turnure; 6. Nini de Jurenev.
Working hunters, any weight, amateurs to ride—1. Royal Guard, Mrs. Elizabeth Correll; 2. The Count; 3. Heads Up, Susan Findlay; 4. Sir Bay, Barbara Marra.
Open jumpers—1. Maise, Raymond Burr; 2. Royal Knight, Harry D. Ryan; 3. Bim X; 4. Apache, Eugene Koons.
Open horsemanship, under 14—1. Rosalind La Roche; 2. Linda Fitz Randolph; 3. Diana Drake; 4. Julie Kellam; 5. Barbara Friedmann; 6. Pamela Phillips.
Children's working hunters—1. Game Cock, George H. Morris; 2. Cinderella, Rosalind La Roche; 3. Sea Mist, Patsy Ann Smith; 4. The Fox Fire, Horse Shoe Farm.
Open jumpers, special course—1. Jack o'Lantern, Mr. and Mrs. Leon S. Hammond; 2. Royal Knight; 3. Peg's Pride; 4. Little Wonder, Wonder Horn Stables.
Working hunters, ladies to ride—1. The Count; 2. Sir Bay; 3. Hall Mark, Helen Clark; 4. Sporting Chance.
Children's working hunter hacks—1. Cinderella; 2. Touraine, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Del Balso; 3. Banner, Gail Porter; 4. Game Cock.
A.S.P.C.A. horsemanship event—1. Patsy Ann Smith; 2. Linda Fitz Randolph; 3. Rosalind La Roche; 4. Sandy Glynn; 5. Pamela Turnure; 6. Katharine Taft.
Working hunter hacks—1. The Count; 2. Rapidana, Mr. and Mrs. David L. Clark, Jr.; 3. Driftwood, Don Hancock; 4. Gold Tar, John W. Morris.

Continued On Page 15

Champions of Inter-State Horse Shows Assn., Inc.



HUNTER CHAMPION. Mrs. William W. Stirling's Stirrup-Hill Farm at Bakerstown, Pa. took top honors in the hunter ranks with Cafe Society. (Hawkins Photo)



JUMPER CHAMPION. Gary "Butch" McKissick was another owner-rider combination in the winning ranks. He rode his Uplift to garner the jumper tricolor. (Darling Photo)

The annual Inter-State Horse Show Association, Inc. held its annual dinner dance at Hotel McLure, Wheeling, W. Va., on December 6. President of this association is Jack Supler with Q. R. Carlson, vice-president; J. Vincent Wholey, secretary and John R. Miller, treasurer. The

directors are H. Roy Herbert, Charles J. Kaiser, J. C. Bane, H. W. Marshall, Loren Brown, W. R. Carscaden, Al Dietzel, E. J. Sexton and E. G. Ford.

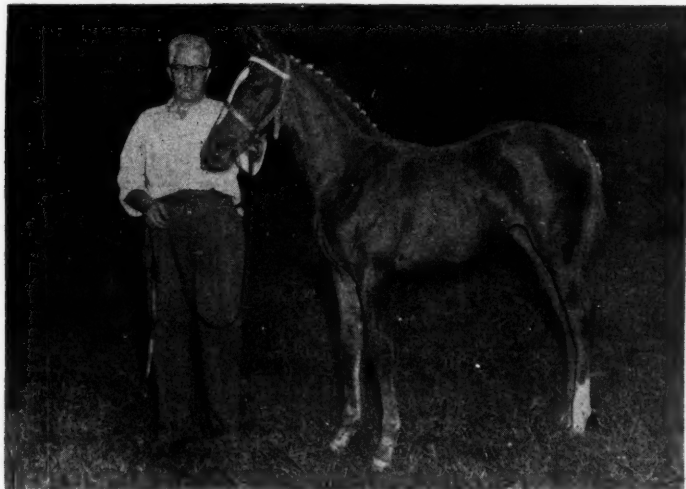
With 16 divisions listed in the association, the high-light of the dinner dance was the presentation of high score awards, thus designating the champions of every division.

Among the hunters, Mrs. W. Stirling's Cafe Society accumulated top honors with 525 points. Runner-up was D. L. Clark's Hallmark with 445 points and stablemate Rapidana with 427 1-2 points. In for 4th was Milt Selznick's Nat Bragg with 310 points.

The jumper ranks were dominated by Gary "Butch" McKissick and

his Uplift. This combination accumulated the grand total of 1,005 points with their closest competition coming from Imperatore K-F's Black Rock and Sterling Smith's Happy Day, each of which had 925 points. Mr. Smith was also next in line with Little John with 900 points ahead of his stablemate, Little Moe with 810 points.

Prospects For 1953



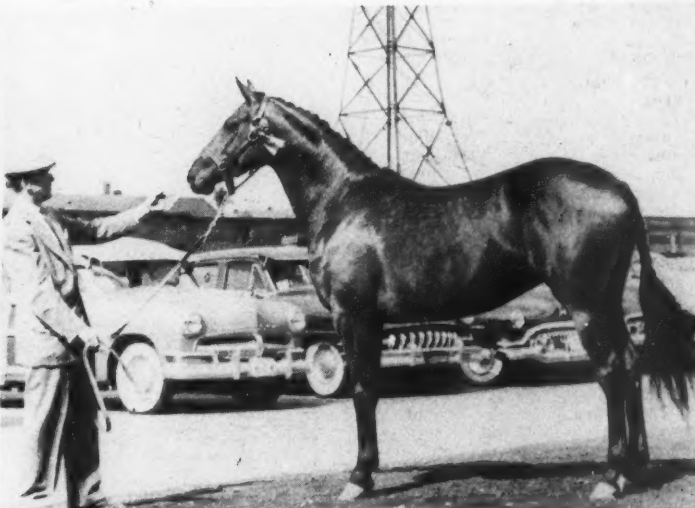
GRAND CHAMPION. Leon Hadcock's Otay Amazon, came ahead of the other breeding champions at the Genesee Valley Breeders Assn. Show to be pinned the grand champion. (Miller Photo)



CHAMPION YEARLING OF 1952 at the Genesee Valley Breeders Assn. Show. Suzy Nevermiss, by Go-Gino—Reno Skinny, is owned by Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Locke. (Miller Photo)



UNBEATEN YEARLING IN 1952. Bred by C. M. Greer, the Thoroughbred gelding by Walt A Bit—Highformation is now owned by Fox Covert Farm. (Hawkins Photo)



GRAND CHAMPION ALL AGES STALLION at Canadian National Exhibition. Seaquarl by *Quareul—Seabound, by Bushman, is owned and was bred by Lou C. Scott. (Kean Photo)

Lady Members of Staffs and Members of the Fields



FIELD MASTER OF ORANGE COUNTY. Miss Sally Roszel is kept busy these days as Field Master for the pack of American hounds which hunt the Orange County country. (Hawkins Photo)



JOINT-MASTER. Miss Jean Cochrane and Chester J. LaRoche are Joint-Masters of Fairfield County Hounds. This hunt was established in 1924 and recognized in 1926 and has 15 couple American hounds at Newtown, Conn. and 6 couple American and Cross-bred drag hounds at Westport. (Hawkins Photo)



LADY MEMBERS. The hunting grandmothers with Warrenjon are: (left) Mrs. Amory S. Garhart and (right) Mrs. Robert Wingmill. They are pictured at Warrenjon's opening meet at The Springs. (Hawkins Photo)



JOINT-MASTER. Mrs. J. P. Jones is an enthusiastic Joint-Master with Mrs. W. H. White at Farmington Hunt Club. She rides side-saddle over the fairly rolling country of Farmington which is panelled with plank and rail, pole and chicken coops. (Hawkins Photo)



MASTER OF MILLWOOD HUNT. Mrs. Henry S. Hall, Jr. has been Master of this hunt since 1946. This is a drag hunt with American and Cross-bred hounds. The country is approximately 10 by 10 miles and there is a good deal of panelling, coops, rails and stone walls. (Reynolds Photo)

The Apache

"Back, Back Gentlemen and I'll Show You A Sweet Mare"

William Clark Miller

I first saw the mare when she was standing in Pricketts' sales stables in Bristol, Pa. (I like to buy and sell horses and any night horse sale usually finds me in attendance). I don't go for spotted horses, and mares in particular; I had very little money so a shipped horse was my best chance to get something to fool with—at my price. The mare was ill from shipping sickness after her long train ride from Texas and a more miserable sight I've seldom seen—very weak and very weary. I walked quietly around and got behind a post where I spoke to her and gingerly pushed her on the rump. She didn't do anything, but you can't be too careful and as the stall was narrow I did not go in. One of the grooms came along and I asked him to back her out. I walked her and she seemed sound and wasn't too bad a mover. I looked at her mouth and it showed 5 years. She was the biggest of the load, which was why I was looking at her—was about 16 hands without shoes and was spotted white and buckskin; not the chunky type of western horse which I don't like. Her eyes were brown, not watch-eyed and she had a pleasant look about her except for being sick. She wasn't marked up except for two capped hocks—which I hoped didn't belong to her. I put her back and walked around some more but I still liked her the best of the load and to tell the truth I wasn't too crazy about her, but my money was burning a hole in my pocket.

I climbed into the stand and saw my friend Whitey who came over to sit with me. "Gonna buy one of these turkeys?" said Whitey. "Got a place for one," I lied. I knew Whitey was a friend of the auctioneer so I asked him to bid on the mare for me when her turn came to be sold. They led her out and said she was the only one not broken, which startled me, but someone started her and Whitey said "Five"—the auctioneer looked up, saw it was his friend Whitey and knocked her down to him at once. However, I figured I couldn't get hurt at that price. The man who shipped her started to protest but as another horse was in the ring, and as the mare was the sickest of the lot, he soon subsided. I went home telling myself I couldn't get hurt. After work the following day, I hitched up the trailer and went to Bristol. The mare was worse, eyes glazed, head hanging down and very weak. It was raining so I put a rain sheet on her before loading her.

Most people turn shipped horses out in the Spring as to put them in a stable would expose the other horses to the influenza. Sick horses turned out don't eat, can't lie down, the flies eat them up, and exposure to the elements makes them all the worse. Furthermore, when they are over it, they are as poor as crows. I have a stall in my double garage for cases of this kind—with plenty of straw and quiet. I put her in and called the doctor. As I looked at her, I thought to myself, this is the kind of thing Geronimo must have ridden around the Southwest during the Indian Wars, so I named the mare—The Apache. When the Doc arrived, she was really low and looked like fifty cents. He gave her a shot of a million units of penicillin and left me some pills—of which I was to give her 16 a day. "This kind just gives up and dies, Bill" were his encouraging words. She wouldn't eat or lie down. She did drink a little warm water. I put a sheet on her and hoped for the best. Every day I pounded up 16 of the pills, made a paste with honey and spread it on her tongue. The third day she drank a little oat tea and ate a few carrots. She really came on after that and 30 days from the time I bought her, she was ready to fool with. I like to get them ridden before they get too strong, particularly when they aren't broken. I had no trouble tacking her up but she constantly tried to spit out the snaffle-bit I used. She was very nervous when I

got up but it was a hot day and she hadn't much ambition. My wife was up on her horse and when he moved off, the mare followed. We walked around for a half hour, then I rubbed her a little and as it was evening, put her out for one hour's grass. (I turned her out every evening for an hour.) I let her stand with a bit on her halter for an hour a day in the stall to get used to it. I had trouble catching her in the stall as she would turn her rear end whenever I went in. However, when she found out I had a carrot for her every time and didn't frighten her, she became very tame. I had her shod right away, before she got too strong, and she stood quietly. I was riding her over one rail by this time but whenever I took hold of her she threw her head in the air to get away from the bit. I don't use martingales on horses, preferring to teach them to keep their heads in the proper position. Before long, when I took hold of her she would duck her head down and I could take a pull and stand up in the irons and gallop her and she would hold her end of it.

By the end of six months, I was riding her over all types of fences under four feet I could find.

My friend, Cliff Unstead, keeps nine couples of foxhounds over near Collegeville, Pa., and I planned to hunt with him that weekend. My mare was clipped, hunter fashion, and really didn't look bad when I unloaded her at Cliff's farm the next morning. Hounds moved off as soon as I was tacked up and as there was a small field, I was awarded the honorary position of second whip. The country we hunt is very rough, up hill and down dale with plenty of timber. Gray foxes are there in large numbers but often refuse to leave the woods which makes for a difficult hunt. We cast around for about half an hour when hounds hit a line which took us up and over several steep hills, all heavily timbered. In the next valley hounds were at fault and we checked our frantic dodging of trees for several minutes. The master was about to lift hounds and cast farther along when he saw what looked like a large round bird's nest almost covered with honeysuckle in a tree. It was our fox! The master set one of the more active members of the field to climbing the tree. We drew hounds off to give the fox a fair show when he jumped down—which he did at once. Hounds must have sensed the fox's leap, for they broke away from us and ran him from sight for several minutes until he took cover in some dense woods. Hounds hunted him out in a jiffy and we viewed again as he flew across a field. He ran in a straight line from then on and after two more hours had gone by, we had to whip hounds off as we did not want to cross a heavily traveled highway—and it was getting dark. The hack back home was long, in fact I thought I would never get there. I always carry some chocolate (and cigarettes) against such a situation, which I surreptitiously eat. We finally got to Cliff's stable after riding the last hour in the rain. I rubbed the mare dry and put a rain sheet on her and loaded her in the trailer, and she walked right in! When we got home, I filled her bucket with warm water, gave her hay and went in to dinner. When I finished, I bandaged all four legs and gave her grain. As I stood watching her eat it, I happened to think of an expression used by a South Philadelphia horse dealer of my acquaintance when selling a female of the equine species at his sale. Shaking his whip he calls in loud tones: "Back, back, gentlemen, and I'll show you a sweet mare!"

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Horse Shows

Continued From Page 12

Open jumpers—1. Lad O'War; 2. Magnify, Midkiff Farm; 3. Royal Knight; 4. Peg's Pride. Advanced horsemanship, under 18—1. George H. Morris; 2. Glenna Lee Maduro; 3. Patsy Ann Smith; 4. Linda Fitz Randolph.

Young hunters—1. Entry; 2. The Miss, Patsy Bulkeley; 3. Royal Revel, Otto H. Heuckeroth; 4. Irish Risk, Barbara Kellam.

Knock-down-and-out—1. Lad O'War; 2. Peg's Pride; 3. Rimwack, Mr. and Mrs. Leon S. Haymond; 4. Jack O'Lantern.

Working hunters, any weight, owner ridden—1. Sporting Chance; 2. The Count; 3. Jumping Jimmy, Timber Top Stables; 4. Heads Up.

Open jumpers, special course—1. Lad O'War; 2. Jack O'Lantern; 3. Prince River; 4. Lovely Cottage, Harry D. Ryan. Hunters under saddle—1. Little Storm, Timber Top Stables; 2. Driftwood; 3. Radidana; 4. Memory Boy, Glenna Lee Maduro.

\$250 working hunter stake—1. Royal Guard; 2. Gold Tar; 3. Hydro Fashion; 4. Heads Up; 5. Sporting Chance; 6. Moonshiner, Fairview Farms.

\$250 jumper stake—1. Peg's Pride; 2. Jack O'Lantern; 3. Royal Guard; 4. Royal Knight; 5. Golden Bonnie, Hutchinson Stables; 6. Lad O'War.

Toronto Christmas Junior

The Toronto Juniors held their annual Christmas show in Maj. Clifford Sifton's arena. Champion of the show was the most distant traveler, Dick Treleven's Khoranette. Reserve champion was also an out of town, Bob Shea's Major Sandan from Markham.

The young juniors asked the old juniors, some of whom are now over 18 but still active in the interests of all juniors, to help run the show.

SHOW CORRESPONDENT

PLACE: Toronto, Canada.
TIME: December 27, 1952.
JUDGE: Mrs. W. H. Hall-Holland.
CH: Khoranette, Dick Treleven.
Res.: Major Sandan, Bob Shea.

SUMMARIES

Pleasure hack—1. Major Sandan, Bob Shea; 2. Treasure Chest, Vicki Robertson; 3. Magic Carpet, Luther Winchell; 4. Dark Secret, Marcia Bristow.

Green hunter—1. Khoranette, Dick Treleven; 2. Mischievous, S. Stanley; 3. Lightfoot, Nancy Shannon; 4. Lady May, David Conacher.

Fault and out—1. Planet, Tommy Offen; 2. Magic Wand, Eleanor Pady; 3. By Goom, Heather McLean; 4. Easy Aces, Gordon Martin.

Equitation—1. Magic Wand; 2. By Goom; 3. Major Sandan; 4. Sun Dial, Sarah Bladen.

Hunter hack—1. Khoranette; 2. Magic Carpet; 3. Major Sandan; 4. Storm's Star, Grant Edwards.

Conformation hunter—1. Khoranette; 2. Magic Carpet; 3. By Goom; 4. Major Sandan. Jumping stake—1. Major Sandan; 2. Transit, Alice Scott; 3. Elizabeth A., Suzanne Talbot-Ponsonby; 4. Planet.

Working hunter—1. By Goom; 2. Khoranette; 3. Honest Lawyer, Alice Scott; 4. Major Sandan.

Teams of three jumpers, shown as a Unicorn—1. Magic Carpet; 2. Khoranette; 3. Major Sandan; 4. Planet; 5. Contagious, T. Pogue; 6. By Goom; 7. Adios, Peter Harris; 8. Broadway Lights, Melvin Stone; 9. Sun Dial; 10. Dark Secret, Treasure Chest.

Holiday Hunter Trial Held By Washington Hunter-Jumper Assn.

The newly formed Washington State Hunters and Jumpers Association sponsored this holiday hunter trial on the grounds of the Woodbrook Hunt at Woodbrook Stables. A large enthusiastic crowd was on hand to watch the two jumper and two hunter classes. Competition was

keen with the promise of a much larger hunter division to be held in the spring. One of the most popular classes was the handicap event in which horses are handicapped 6 to 18 inches, according to their jumping ability. This class was won by Owner-rider Miss Dianne Black on Rayhaks Rahwan.

After the show a general meeting of the Washington State Hunters and Jumpers Association was held in the club house of the Woodbrook Hunt. The first election was held with the following officers elected: Robert Seney (Tacoma), president; Jack Long (Seattle), vice-president; Claire Reisinger (Tacoma), secretary-treasurer; other board members: Ellis Collins (Tacoma); Helen Cook (Seattle); representative to state horse show committee: Bob Seney.

The organizing of a hunter and jumper association within the State of Washington has been met with great enthusiasm by all horsemen. Horse show committees have promised that hunter classes will be in their programs next season, something that has not been present in the state for many years.

The association has as its charter president M/Sgt. Robert Seney, a former member of the 2nd and 11th Cavalry and a graduate of the advanced school of equitation, Fort Riley, Kans. Sgt. Seney is very adept at organizing groups of this nature and it is expected that Washington State Hunters and Jumpers will soon be top contenders in the national shows.

PLACE: Tacoma, Wash.
TIME: December 28, 1952.

SUMMARIES

Working hunter—1. Denali, Bob Seney; 2. Tally-Ho, Iris Bryan; 3. Chilly Willy, Betty MacLane; 4. Rayhaks, Dianne Black.

Hunt teams of three—1. Tacoma Team: Traveler, Iris Bryan; Dimity Dee, Claire Reisinger; Jato, Bob Seney; 2. Tacoma Team: Tally-Ho, Slick, Al Reizner; Skunk, Barbara Relys; 3. Tacoma Team: Duke, Marge Keeler; Dusty Rocker, Nancy Roberts; Rocket, Barbara Hoyt; 4. Seattle Team: Rayhaks Rahwan; Miss Tiptoes, Jean Davies; Chilly Willy.

Open jumping—1. Wampus Kitty, Betty MacLean; 2. Rayhaks Rahwan; 3. Jato; 4. Tipperary, Iris Bryan.

Handicap class—1. Rayhaks Rahwan; 2. Denali; 3. Tipperary; 4. Tally-Ho.

NEW STAFF MEMBERS

The Junior Beaufort Hunt, Hi-Ridge Farm, located on Route 2 outside of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania has just announced that there has been a change in staff members. The following will be handling the affairs of the junior hunt for the coming season—Ann Gingrich, M. F. H.; Carl Deubel, secretary; and Barbara Roth, treasurer.

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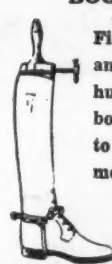
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Western Holiday Turns Out Two Seasoned Bear Hunters With Four Fine Skins In Pack

Captain Beverley Robinson

(Published in Outdoor Life)

(Editor's Note: The following article is another interesting account taken from the experiences of the fine sportsman, Captain Beverley Robinson.)

About the middle of April (1925) shortly after the 1st World War I got a letter from the ranch informing me that the bears had come out of winter quarters and joined the N. R. A. en masse. Anyhow, so read the letter, they have taken it upon

themselves to cut down the supply of livestock, both surplus and otherwise. Now in spite of the sage announcements of certain theoretical economic dreamers in Washington, there still remain in the land a sprinkling of hard-headed practical ranchmen who feel that the indiscriminate killing of a sizable percentage of the livestock is not calculated to materially improve their financial or gastronomical well-being.

For a fortnight the bears had been lurching and dining on lamb chops, leg of mutton and an odd veal cutlet. They had also made croquettes out of a few turkeys. Unless, wrote the foreman, you expect to live on alfalfa with sage brush dressing this summer, you had better hurry out and lend a helping hand in putting a stop to this racket. The ranch lies well up a beautiful valley on the border of Montana and Idaho. It is ninety-five miles to town and thus more convenient, if not economical, to raise your own beef and mutton, even though Washington assures us we will shortly be able to get it from the butcher for higher prices!

Go West

All this talk about bears was just too much for two young friends of mine to whom I read the letter in New York. They had never been West of the Hudson River, and as for bears, their knowledge was limited to childhood visits to the Central Park. But they both could ride and were keen as mustard about shooting, so I wired to the ranch that I would get there early in May with two dudes to help cut down the bear surplus. I also gave instructions to engage the services of a man I knew who had a really good pack of bear hounds. My big Airedale would be added to their ranks. A hot bear trail is her idea of heaven, if the erect hairs on her back give a correct indication of her state of mind. This hunt was an economic necessity, but we were going to do the thing in a sporting way. The preliminary arrangements being settled, those two lads spent a last joyful week at the New York sporting stores, buying knives, belts, boots, shirts and enough ammunition to start a war. We boarded the train on a swelter-

ing evening during New York's preliminary spring hot spell. Chicago, where we stopped a few hours, was a fiery furnace.

Next morning, as our train hurried westward across the plains of Dakota, we awoke shivering in the midst of a howling blizzard. Then, after twenty-four hours of the long up-grade to the Rockies, we bundled out at Bozeman at about day-break. An early breakfast and plenty of hot coffee was soon disposed of, and with ulsters buttoned up, we were off in the car winding further and ever higher into the mountains. After months in town, how good to fill ones lungs again with that crisp bracing atmosphere.

At the ranch after Jack and Bob had donned their big hats and campaign outfits they tried out their saddle horses, and then had a look at old Steve's hounds. These, comfortably kenneled, in one of the out-buildings, though hardly what a benchshow judge might term a "level pack", were nevertheless, a very business-like looking lot. Most of them were direct descendants of the hard-bitten pack of bear and lion dogs with which that great American sportsman, President Theodore Roosevelt, had hunted, on his last trip to his beloved Rockies. Little black and tan Chiquitta, and a pure bred Walker hound held the place of honour as trial dogs. Spot, a big-boned black and white hound, was an old campaigner, having been in at the death of many a bear. Several other big active black and tans bore unmistakable signs of a blood-hound cross. Once they opened on game their voices sounded like the mellow bass notes of an organ. There were several in which the Airedale blood predominated, and one old timer whose sire was a bulldog. These last were the fighting ones, and could be depended upon to hold anything once brought to bay.

Camp Site

A comfortable camp had been put in, about fifteen miles farther up in the mountains, from which neighborhood the bears had been conducting most of their forays on stock. From this as a headquarters we could hunt an unlimited stretch of country. Early next morning, with half a dozen pack horses, our little cavalcade wound slowly westward along the narrow trail which skirts the steep sides of Taylor Canyon. Jim, the ranch foreman, led the way on his new pet, a brown 4-year-old with an inclination to buck. Jim thinks this trip will take the bow out of its back! Then in single file rode my wife, Jack, Bob and the cook leading the first pack horse, the rest followed loose. Old Steve and I brought up the rear with hounds. With a few preliminary sniffs, Las-

sie, my Airedale had been unanimously admitted to their ranks. She trotted along with the rest, supremely happy in the knowledge that something important was afoot.

Mountainous Land

Now this country is not quite on the level, I do not refer to the natives, they're straight as strings. But topographically speaking, it's a mess! The mountains just stick up anywhere and everywhere. Some straight, some on a slant, all steep; and the canyons have to make the best of it in between. The mountains do as they darn well please, so that some of the canyons get pinched into mere rocky slits. Then retreating in great sweeps the timbered slopes make way for some broad sage-covered valley. Here the low pale green brush shelters the rich bunch grass, best of feed for game or stock. Twice we had to ford the North Fork. With the snow melting higher up, it was running brimful and fast, and the horses had all they could do to keep their feet. Steve and I helped hounds as much as we could, but some of them made it on their own, the swift current depositing them several hundred yards down stream.

The white tents of our camp where cosily pitched in a grove of spruce bordering Meadow Creek. Unsaddling, and throwing off the packs, the horses, after a good roll, grazed contentedly in a nearby park, while all hands busied themselves with the various chores attendant upon comfortably settling in permanent quarters. Hounds were chained to trees in a sheltered little hollow behind the tents. The cook and I kept our axes busy with dry wood for the fire, while the boys, under the guidance of Jim, brought in great armfuls of spruce boughs, which, laid like feathers, made springy and sweet-smelling mattresses for our blankets. Over a wooded ridge the rays of the setting sun tingled with rose and pink the snowy crests to the eastward. Heavily timbered slopes and dark gorges faded from deep green to purple, then to black as the shadows of night crept gradually higher. With a last chill breath the breeze expired to a frosty calm.

From a nearby hill came the high pitched wail of a coyote, and in ever increasing numbers, stars first twinkled then shone brilliantly from the darkening void above. Our fire crackled and sparkled, now and then came the low whine of a dreaming hound, or the belated music mare tinkled as the horses grazed. We lounged about or smoked, content in that subconscious feeling of peace which ever pervades the atmosphere of a camp fire in the wilderness.

Prospecting Tour

Wishing our travellers to get thoroughly rested up and fit for strenuous work to come, I told the cook to let them sleep as late as they liked. So at dawn next morning Jim, Steve and I saddled up and taking hounds, started off on a game prospecting tour. Splashing across the stream we headed west towards the heavily timbered ridges of the Cash Creek Divide. As we climbed higher the northerly slopes of the hills still retained their winter covering of snow, while the open parks and meadows facing south were already brilliant in their multi-colored carpet of spring flowers. Here our horse would flounder breast-deep through snow-drifts, while just over the ridge their feet would brush through blue and purple masses of larkspur, yellow foxglove violets and scarlet Indian paint brush.

On a side-hill we noted the tracks of two bears, one a big fellow; but they were too old and cold to follow. Farther on as we were crossing a ridge of open timber, I caught a glimpse of fur through the trees, as a big coyote stopped about sixty yards off to look back at us. You could fire a cannon from Ben's back without his flinching, so checking him as I pulled my rifle from the scabbard, I took careful aim and bowled over Mr. Coyote. He was still in good fur and soon his pelt was dangling from my saddle, and we were on again.

How To Hunt Bear

The usual method when hunting bear is to keep most of hounds coupled and with you, until a fresh scent is struck by trail hounds. The

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Classifieds

All requests for insertions should be sent to the advertising office, Berryville, Va. 25 cents per word including address, minimum charge per insertion: \$5.00. Add \$1.00 if name is withheld and answers are to be cleared through The Chronicle. No classifieds accepted after the Friday preceding publication.

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Riding To Bear Hounds

Continued From Page 16

latter, generally two in number, range the forest and hillside as we progress. Then with the first sure note of game afoot, we hurriedly uncouple the rest of the pack and they hurl themselves into the chase. We took a running shot at two coyotes as they fled across a broad snowfield. Then beyond the divide dropped down a timbered hillside, where the going was atrocious. Rocks, down-timber and rivulets of melted snow rendered the footing slippery and uncertain. A horse needed about six feet to keep standing on four. It is in such places that fate decrees things must happen. In stepping over a down tree one of the small limbs struck Jim's 4-year-old in the stomach, and with a squeal, the colt put on a bucking show fit for a prize rodeo. Jim was having an awful time staying with that colt, as on the steep incline he would land thirty feet downhill with every jump. It was however grand fun for both old Steve and me, particularly when the performers did a double somersault over an old stub and landed on their respective backs in a soft drift of wet snow.

Just then from the wood Chiquitta let out a frantic scream of ecstasy, old Steve shouted "uncouple those hounds"! And in about two seconds we were all scrambling, slipping and crashing up-hill again, accompanied by a veritable bedlam of music from the whole pack, now on the hot trail of a bear. On top of the divide again the going was better, and across that snowfield we raced as hard as our horses could lay legs to the ground. "He's an old buster", said Steve, "look at his track", as slowing up we again entered timber. But the higher we went the deeper the snow became, and our horses were forced to cut their pace to a walk. We came to one place where hounds had surrounded the bear, but he had evidently broken through and the tracks led on again.

Soon we were brought to a stop, the snow being up to a horse's middle and too soft to support us when we dismounted. Farther and fainter grew the cry of hounds. That old bear was leading them a real chase, and they seemed unable to stop him or force him up a tree. When hard pressed the blacks and cinnamons usually take to a tree, only the old grizzlies remaining at bay on the ground. We made a long detour for better going, but were finally forced to give it up. To call off hounds Steve wound his old cow horn in a blast that echoed from canyon to mountain. Then we turned our tired horses homeward. We had made a big circle, and reached camp well on in the afternoon, hungry as hunters.

Typical Old Mountain Man

Dismounting, I joined my wife and the cook, who, sitting before the fire, were engaged in conversation with a rough and tattered looking old character. Beneath a battered hat, his gray hair fell to his shoulders. He was clad in time-stained buckskin, from which most of the fringe had been worn or torn away, and he could only boast of one or two visible teeth. His rifle in a hand-made case, leaned against a tree. Not for years had I seen such a typical old mountain man, so that my surprise was the greater, when engaging him in conversation, I immediately became conscious that I was talking to a gentleman and an Englishman. Later that evening, for he stopped to supper with us, he told me that he had been a lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards, but that leaving England forty years ago, he had been hunter and trapper in these rugged mountains ever since. What sad or romantic story, I have often thought, is hidden away in the wild self-imposed exile of poor old English Tom; he has never been known by any other name. Politely declining our invitation to stop over he presently arose, and in courtly fashion, bidding my wife and the rest of us goodnight, faded into the darkness of the silent night. I have never seen him since. Once way out in the mountains, I came to his cabin in a dark little canyon. It was neat, clean and orderly, and I was disappointed in finding the old fellow away from home. I wanted to

see and perhaps learn more of such a picturesque character.

Hounds Return

As the evening wore on, singly or in pairs tired hounds straggled in. I was rather worried about Lassie, my Airedale. She had dashed off with the rest after that bear, some twelve miles back in the mountains. The country was utterly new and strange to her. Would she ever find her way back to this camp that we had only come to the day before? At about ten o'clock Spot came slinking up to the firelight, looking crestfallen. The old dog, having lost his bear, had taken it out on a luckless porcupine on his way home, and now here he was with his mouth and nose a veritable pincushion of whose wickedly barbed quills. As soon as I saw him I went to my saddle pockets and got a strong little pair of nickle pincers that I always carry for such emergencies. Tying a gag in the big fellow's mouth, Steve held him, while one by one I pulled the quills out with the pincers. Rolled up in my blankets and fast asleep, I was awakened at four next morning by something cold against my cheek. It was Lassie's nose, and her tail was wagging hard to tell me she'd had a grand hunt and was safely home.

Hunt Renewed

Next day all hands went off on a long hunt to the eastward; but though we worked hard through some likely looking country, it was all drawn blank. Not a note from hounds. The following morning found us again up near the Cash Creek Divide, but on a southerly slope, clear of snow. In the timber Chiquitta and the Walker hound got very busy. With madly lashing sterns they were trying to puzzle out a cold trail. We had uncoupled the other hounds to try to help them out. Then from down hill came a certain and deep toned bay from one of the big dogs, and a half scream, half howl from one of the Airedales. Joined by the rest of the pack a deafening chorus arose as galloping here, pulling up there, slipping in soft snow, jumping a whole forest of fallen logs, we crashed along in hot pursuit. The chase led along the wooded slope of the mountain. From the row those hounds were making things were getting hotter every moment.

I came to a deep draw, thick with low pines, and a brim full stream surging down the hollow. Ben knew there was game ahead and bent on getting there, took the stream in his stride. In mid air, too late, I saw stiff pine bough just as it took me in the chest. I grabbed it with both hands as Ben went out from under, leaving me suspended. But with the reins dangling, he immediately stopped on the bank beyond, so dropping into the brook, I soon scrambled aboard and we were off again. Just then Steve wheeled his horse and, pulling up, held up his hand. "Listen! By Gad, they've treed! Hurry! Up the canyon to the right!" The bay of hounds had now changed to short angry barks, a sure sign that they had stopped their quarry. Jack was just behind me as we burst through some firs. There hounds were, about seventy yards up hill, their snarling semi-circle hemmed in a fair-sized bear that had jumped out of reach to a low shelf of the rim-rock. Steve had his rifle out, but I winked at him to let Jack have a shot. "Take your time now and look out for the dogs. Give it to him in the neck." Three rifles range out and a furry mass tumbled into the midst of the panting hounds. That was a nice bear, though nothing like as large as the big one we had chased on the first day.

It snowed, sleeted and rained for two days, then cleared off and we made up for lost time. Hunting well up under the Taylor Peaks, we accounted for two bears in one day. The first, a good big one, with a beautiful glossy coat, treed in a deep steep sided canyon. We had to

leave our horses on the lip of the overlooking plateau and almost burn the seats out of our breeches sliding down the precipitous descent to the kill. The same afternoon we bagged a smaller bear after a short sharp run.

New Master

We were now doing pretty well with the bears, and all were disappointed when Steve had to go back to attend to some business at his ranch. He however hung the old horn on my shoulder and left hounds in my charge. I felt duly elated—I had become Master of Bear Hounds! But though Jim and I hunted hard and wide to show the boys some more sport, several uneventful days went by with only one short chase when we ran out of scent and returned empty-handed.

Then one afternoon we came on a big fresh track in the mud near some willows, and putting on hounds they were soon screaming up a wooded valley. The going was firm and fairly open, and we were all able to keep well up. Over a low hog back the cry momentarily went out of hearing. Then dropping into a basin beyond, sharp barks told us hounds were holding their game. As Bob

and I came through the trees we saw them clustered about an old pine, and on a heavy limb some ten feet from the ground crouched a big cinnamon bear. Jim and Jack appeared from the other side, and just as Bob dismounted for a steady shot, the bear jumped from the limb and came right for him. A flustered shot from Bob went three feet over his back. Risking hitting several hounds snapping at his heels, Jim and I gave the bear several shots at short range, and the hairy old warrior crumpled up. This one was an old timer with long wicked looking claws. His skin was still in good condition and made the best trophy of the hunt for the boys. Their western holiday was nearing an end, so we broke camp next day and returned to the ranch, from where we saw them off for home; two seasoned bear hunters, with four fine skins rolled up in their packs.

Returning alone to camp, I put in another ten days and succeeded in accounting for another big black and a cinnamon. The season however was getting late, and their coats were beginning to slip. The bears had had a sufficiently stern lesson, perhaps they'll behave for a bit.

FOR SALE



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Model Versus Quality

Horse Show Goer Often Finds Beauty of Horse Disfigured By Voluminous Fat

Major George de Roaldes

(Editor's Note: The following article, Model Versus Quality, was written by Major George de Roaldes for the April 1936 issue of The Horse. As much the same situation exists today, one of our readers sent along the copy for reprint in The Chronicle.)

At a Horse Show last year, on the Pacific Coast an exhibitor in Hunter Classes was told by the judge: "Your horse should carry a hundred pounds more flesh." Which seems to indicate that had this horse been in a fat Stock Show condition, he would have been placed. However, it does not make any difference what the judge meant.

I know the horse very well, a Thoroughbred with good conformation, sound, showing quality, having lots of substance, and a good mover. In other words a nice type of middleweight hunter who, by the way, is also a safe cross country horse as proven by his numerous successful performances in Hunter Trials. As far as his condition is concerned, he is hacked every day a couple of hours by his owner, and being a good "doer" he is always looking well, perhaps to the tastes of some, including myself, he would look better with less fat.

This is not the only instance of judges asking for "beef." If it were we would have shrugged our shoulders and let it go at that!

At another Horse Show there was a string of splendid well bred hunters, all hog fat, to the point of ugliness, even the withers were disappearing under a layer of fat. These huge, round bodies supported by comparatively light limbs reminded me of sausages on four matches!

Not being one to go around Horse Shows very much, I asked the owner why such beautiful horses were disfigured to such an extent. "The judges want them that way!" was the answer.

And now let us find out: who are the judges "wanting them that way?"

Certainly they are not practical horsemen and riders having years of experience in the saddle galloping to hounds, leading a body of cavalry, running steeplechase and point-to-points, playing polo, etc.

These men, having gained experience in the field, do not let their judgment be influenced or fooled by an inappropriate make up.

As for the sort of judges wanting the horses "that way," they are square pegs in round holes, and the responsibility for such an error lies, not with the judges, but with the Horse Show management who through ignorance or indifference fail to give a fair deal to exhibitors or hunters. This state of affairs is detrimental to the welfare of the sport and creates much dissatisfaction.

The abnormal and exaggerated fat on a hunter of working age, and as a matter of fact on any horse, is unhealthy, irrational and unesthetic. It is the result of lack of much needed exercise and of an amount of food far in excess of bodily requirements. In such a condition the muscles become soft and flabby, the blood vessels lose their elasticity, the heart fails in driving power; the lungs cannot sustain rapid breathing nor the joints constant bending the limbs have to carry an excess weight detrimental to soundness. Lack of plenty of good steady work is also responsible for a horse "feeling his oats" in the wrong direction at the expense of good performance.

By his function the hunter must have his body covered with flesh that has hardened on! His power must be shown by bulging muscles while lean shoulders and neck give the impression of quality and agility.

By esthetic I mean natural beauty. Study the art galleries! What great painter or sculptor would portray the athletic man, the ideal woman or the beautiful animal with an ugly layer of fat?

The so much admired bodies of Apollo of Belvedere, Venus de Milo

or the works of the better modern artists always show grace, strength or both.

Is not fat the nightmare of woman? . . . Except perhaps among the Mohammedans who seem to prefer rotundity in the weaker sex.

Why disfigure a beautiful horse by taking away from him what makes his beauty, his elegance, his strength.

On the other hand, going to the other extreme is equally faulty and unsportsmanlike. To bring in the Show Ring a horse somewhat run down, dull coated, tucked up in the belly, bearing signs of neglect, should be penalized. But this lack of fitness must not be mistaken for the condition shown by some highly strung well bred horses, often apt to "run light" with fast work. Only the experienced horseman who has trained and ridden chasers and cross country horses can appreciate these differences. The judges who want the horse "that way" do not. Their decisions are sometimes heresies; they turn down good horses because of some imperfections or blemishes here and there, a mark of work, but in no way detrimental. Their fancy going to the beefy, peacocky type they fail to see the "quality" of the angularly shaped horse, built like a wedge with strong points of attachment, lots of timber, yet symmetric.

It is said in medical circles that doctors specializing in clever diagnosis possess a sixth sense, a certain indefinable something preventing them from making mistakes. This theory, not based on concrete foundation, may be refuted, yet experience justifies it! And I believe the expert horsemen, old in the game, when dealing with his particular kind of a horse, has the sixth sense, of which he makes use in the selection of the animals he is to judge or buy. But like the doctors above mentioned, it is only through years of constant practice that this sense is sufficiently developed. It is not acquired telling things theoretically right, may yet in a sense be practically wrong. For instance, they tell us, rightly, that both horses, one "over the knees," the other "calf kneed", sometimes termed "back at the knee," are faulty. Yet experience has proven, that the former can do a tremendous amount of hard work for years and still be safe, while the latter is dangerous to ride. How many first class hunters, successful steeplechasers, great jumpers, are not "over their knees," sometimes to a great extent?

There has never been any polemics on this particular case amongst authorities!

It must be said that with the growing popularity of the hunter type the none too qualified or amateurish judges of hunter classes are gradually disappearing, and none existent in the part of the country where hunting is well established.

Yet in some Horse Shows, mainly in the West, it is still the practice to appoint hunter judges unfit for the job, without experience atop a cross country horse, who, having won their spurs on show ring saddle horses, are judging hunters with a standard diametrically opposed to the requirements of a hunter.

It is not an uncommon occurrence, when the size of the show does not warrant many judges, to see the saddle horseman judge the Hunter and Jumper Class. I would like to see the procedure reversed for once, having the Hunter man pinning the ribbons in the saddle classes! What a concert of imprecations there would be from the other camp.

As a matter of fact, such a blunder would not be tolerated by the saddle horse exhibitors. They know what they want! The trouble lies in the fact that, outside of hunting countries, the owners of hunters do not know, as yet, what they want. Their knowledge about hunters or jumpers acquired through show ring experience is of very little value nowadays. They have to learn that

The Field

The Great British Sporting Journal Celebrates A Century of Achievement

Philip K. Crowe

On January 1, 1853, Robert Smith Surtees, creator of Jorrocks, persuaded the owners of Punch to let him publish an eight-page sporting weekly, entitled The Field. It was not a true sportsman's magazine as less than fifty percent of its pages were devoted to country living but it was the acorn from which grew today's literary oak. Commemorating a century of achievement the chairman, Geoffrey Harmsworth, recently brought out an anniversary issue that belongs in every sportsman's library for it mirrors the life of outdoor Englishmen from the palmy days of the Regency to the present.

As Wilson Stephens, the editor, says in his leading editorial, "To be a hundred years old is one thing; to be a hundred years old and surrounded by friends is an even better one" and what a host of friends The Field has. The Queen, the Queen Mother, The Duke of York, were all graciously pleased to send congratulations, and Winston Churchill headed a long and distinguished list of loyal subjects who heartily concurred. Letters poured in from not only the Empire but from virtually every country in the world. The Field's 50,000 subscribers go to the four corners of

the hunter in the show ring should be the perfect image of the horse actually working in the field, not the reverse!

To go by the standard of the Show Hunter on this continent up till now is an error. That standard was set in the early days of horse shows by a class of judges who did not ride. These judges were until quite recently in great majority. They were either professionals, dealers in anything flashy, fleshy, and good sellers, or gentlemen, society leaders, with more money or business ability than experience across country.

My experience, in pre-war days, with these two kinds of judges—one the sportsman, hunting man or soldier, "a rider," the other the sportsingman or professional judge—is, that the former is seldom wrong in his decisions as to which is the best horse. Of the very many horses I have known, owned and ridden, only those selected by the former in the show ring were real good when at work, while often those chosen by the latter were indifferent or bad performers, without stamina and a good way of going; in other words not the sportsman's horse.

After all, are horses, especially hunters, meant to be put in a glass case to be looked at?

If conditions, with regard to competent judges, are improving greatly, they have not improved an iota as far as specifications ruling Hunter Classes are concerned. Better judges need better opportunity to do their job well. They are still groping in the dark, relying too much on their sixth sense.

When many years ago the specifications, "50 per cent conformation, 50 per cent performance"—or may be 40 and 60—was written, there was no need to bring the examination of a hunter to further limit. Horse minded people had to be taught first what a hunter should look like.

Since then, year after year we read in horse show programs the same old sentence!

There is nothing said about "way of going," of the horse under the saddle at the "walk," trot, gallop, of his balance, of the way he carries the rider, let alone his manners. And yet is not the walk the criterion of good or bad way of going at the other gaits? The bold longstrided walk, true and elastic, with a free movement coming from the shoulders, while the hocks are well engaged under the mass, is a sure proof of physical ability!

As things are now, the judge is not given the opportunity of examining these capital points of appreciation. The test over jumps, especially between wings, is of se-

Continued On Page 19

the globe including St-Helena, Napoleon's place of exile, and one of the earth's most remote inhabited islands. The copies arrive in bunches of 26, every six months.

A survey of the advertising of a hundred years ago is presented by the Marquis de Ruvigny, the advertisement manager. Whiskers were of course one of the sartorial musts of the day and Miss Ellen Graham of Holborn made a noteworthy offer of a pot of her "Celebrated Nioukrene" for 24 penny stamps. Major Hutton, a happy buyer, was quoted as writing, "I now have a full set of whiskers, send me another pot". Ephraim Mosley offered "Chymically prepared white india rubber false teeth with all sharp edges avoided and no springs, wires or fittings".

The reasoning behind the birth of The Field was Surtees' dissatisfaction with Bell's Life, the leading sporting magazine of the day. He considered it weak on the hunting side and suggested to Bradbury and Evans, the Proprietors of Punch, Noble Science. His opening editorial that they finance him to begin a paper more geared to cope with the deserves a direct quote.

"The Field, the Field. We fancy we hear some gentleman exclaim on catching the leading feature of our prospectus. The Field—what does the Field mean. Some new work on agriculture, I presume. No, gentle reader, no—our field is the Sporting Field. Nor do we intend to enter largely upon the Political Field. 'When you turn politician give up your hounds' was the advice of a great sporting luminary to the newly set up master of hounds. In fact we intend to keep our Field to be the advocate of the healthy outdoor pursuits that its name implies—the chronicler and promoter of all that is cheerful, good and innocent—the unhesitating denouncer and exposé of all that is cruel, base and sordid."

The Field, was, however, a losing proposition and Bradbury and Evans sold it after eleven months to Benjamin Webster, the actor manager, who in turn sold it to Edward William Cox, the lawyer. It was in fact from the date of his purchase, November 1954, that the Field as we know it really began. From that day onward it was a true sporting magazine devoted to country life with no dilution of more mundane matters. Cox stated explicitly that he intended "to inform and amuse those who take an interest in rural sports, amusements or occupations, from the country gentleman, the lord of acres, to the man of business, who goes home after a day's work in town to enjoy his garden and his paddock." The pattern was set which lasted without major changes to this day.

The Field's contribution to country living is a wide one. Among the names to conjure with in the Field galaxy of authors was John Coleman, Professor of Agriculture at the Royal Agricultural College, who, with William Robinson, did a great deal to revolutionize Victorian ideas on horticulture. There is hardly a sport that does not owe some debt to the Field for organization, guidance or help. Investigation into diseases of game was sponsored by the Field early in the Cox regime and has continued to be a feature of the magazine. Distemper research was another campaign of the Field that paid dividends to dog owners. Campaigns to prevent cruelty to wild life and later to fight ignorant attacks on field sports have always been features of the Field.

But some of the Field's leading contributions to English life have been directed toward preparedness in food production. The series "The Land and the Nation", written by leading authorities in all branches of agriculture, paved the way for measures which literally saved the country from starvation in the Second World War.

I am sure that the owner and the editor of The Chronicle join with me in wishing The Field many more centuries of progress.

In the Country



REVIEW OF THE YEAR

The 1952 racing season at Belmont Park has been transformed into words and pictures in the Westchester Racing Association's annual Review of the Year. The handsome color cover binds together 888 pages that depict the year's operation at the Nassau County oval, emphasizing the 37 stakes events run there in the past year, but also devoting ample space to the off-season activities that make Belmont an integral part of the community.

In every phase of sport the New Year seems to be the time to pass out the laurels for the ending year's top performers and the booklet makes note of preponderance of champions that appear on the list of Belmont stakes winners. Native Dancer and One Count won their biggest prizes at Belmont and were the best in their respective age group, though there seemed to be some doubt as to which was the better of the two. Real Delight won wherever she went and included Belmont's Coaching Club American Oaks among her many victories that earned her championship honors. Next Move was top-weight in most of her starts at Belmont as was the venerable Tea-Maker, best member of the sprinting brigade. Jam and Oedipus duelled between the flags with the former winning more races but the latter losing no prestige in defeat under heavier imposts.

The booklet is the fifth to be published as a summation of the year's activities at the Nassau track and joins the numerous other Belmont brochures, pamphlets and records in turf libraries all over American as well as the New York Public Library's growing section on Belmont lore.

STAKE NIGHT

It was stake night at the Chicago International and thousands of people were milling around. In their amblings, some of them came upon a huge wire box stall, with a large sign over the top and many championship ribbons gleefully proclaiming Champion Steer of 1952. Standing squarely in the middle of the stall, placidly chewing her cud and surveying the world at large, was a huge mother cow, peacefully nursing her brand, spanking newborn offspring. To say that the public was puzzled—as to what actually constituted a steer—is running it mildly. Speculations were running high and wild in her surrounding and admiring audience.—B. C.

IN THE CARDS

When champion Jockey Anthony DeSpirito scored his first victory in his record breaking year, the name of his mount was Great Shuffle, which seemingly had a prophetic ring to it. Great Shuffle, a grey gelding by Great War—Soft Shoes, by Stepenfitchit was bred by Mrs. E. Cooper Person.

His last and 390th victory, which put him 2 ahead of the previous record, was on the bay 2-year-old filly Satisfied. Satisfied is by Brief Sigh—St. Frances, by St. James and was bred by R. J. Dienst. From Great Shuffle to Satisfied—a new record and a new champion.

JUST 21 MONTHS AGO

In The Chronicle editorial of our March 16, 1951, our former publisher and editor, Stacy B. Lloyd, wrote relative to the notorious case of J. Fink:

"The decision of the New York

Court of Appeals stripping The Jockey Club of its licensing powers is a grievous blow to racing. In one stroke of the judicial pen, the accumulated knowledge of 50 years of racing and racing people so essential in the proper administration of the licensing power is wiped off the boards and the power to grant licenses to owners, trainers, and riders delegated by the Racing Commission is taken from The Jockey Club and turned back to political appointees. Could anything be further from the principles and objectives which have dictated the policies of The Jockey Club."

At the time this appeared it was quoted and requoted with mixed views, but the consensus of opinion at the time pooh-poohed the thought, and said that The Chronicle was crying wolf.

On the last day of 1952, The Morning Telegraph carried a two column block of Publisher's Recommendations. We quote:

"J. Samuel Perlman, publisher of The Morning Telegraph, recommended the following legislation to the Wicks Committee at yesterday's hearing:

"1. If possible, legal means should be found to restore the power of The Jockey Club."

There were four other recommendations, but the striking one was the first one as far as we are concerned. It vindicates what we believed then and still do.

The sooner that the law makers of New York State realize the valuable asset they had when they vested the powers of licensing in The Jockey Club, the better, if they are to maintain racing on the solid footing that it has always enjoyed in that state.—Easy Mark

OUR APOLOGIES

The Chronicle wishes to apologize for omitting the names of James McHugh and Jockey Earl Phelps from our annual tabulation of the combined winners at the Hunt Meetings and U. S. Tracks, in our Dec. 12, 1952 issue. The chart should have carried Owner McHugh as tied for 4th place with Mrs. E. duPont Weir and G. T. Weymouth, with 9 victories; 6 for Jam, and one each for Roz's Boy, Reduce, and River Jordan.

Jockey Earl Phelps was 3rd in the leading jockey's list with 19 victories. He rode Jam to 6 victories, Low Flyer to 3, Phosphor to 3, Porter Man, Roz's Boy, Sneak-Out, Old Shoe, Call Me George, Reduce, and River Jordan. Jockey E. Phelps also rode V. P. I. Clef to win the Goshen Plate at the Radnor Races, but the horse and rider were disqualified for taking the wrong course.

Easy Mark.

CHANGES

When Carolina Cup rolls around visitors to Camden, S. C. will be in for a few changes. A great many of the "visitors" at cup time stay at Court Inn which was taken over last year by the amateur rider, Austin A. Brown and his wife, Sally. While not relinquishing their interest in the hunt meetings and horses in general, the Browns have been busy with the Inn. The new additions include the Corner Book store and Cyril Harrison's Tack Shop as these two places of business will now be found at Court Inn. A new dining room has been built which is called the "Cup Room" after the Carolina Cup races. It is pine panelled with hunting and steeplechasing prints on the walls and is very conducive to good times.

NEW MARYLAND JOCKS

With such an increase in prospective Maryland riders for the future, it might be well to jot down a bit of information about them at this time. Former amateur rider and now trainer Sidney Watters, Jr. and Mrs. Watters have a son; one of the top steeplechase riders, A. P. "Paddy" Smithwick and Mrs. Smithwick have a daughter and the Douglas Smalls

doubled the order with twins, a boy and girl.

THE BELMONT FIRES

Despite the fact that several hundred thousand dollars were expended for fire prevention at Belmont Park during the past few years, the famed Long Island race course had two of the most disastrous conflagrations in its history in 1952. Unquestionably the best protected of all New York tracks from a fire-prevention standpoint, Belmont has 56 stables on its vast acreage, all of which have been reconditioned from foundation to roof within the last seven years. The newest of these structures are equipped with tile or asbestos shingling on the roofs. These stables now are erected on concrete bases with the added safeguard of having all electric wiring in conduit.

A modern fire alarm system which would more than handle the needs of a small village has been installed at Belmont Park at a cost of over \$125,000. This program included alarm boxes on each stable, fire station in the nearby Village of Elmont.

It is the considered opinion of the agencies questioned by the Commission—namely, the Pinkerton's National Detective Agency, the Track Superintendent at Belmont the Fire Marshall of Nassau County—that a more rigid enforcement of the "no smoking" rule in the stable area is an absolute necessity.

The Belmont Park management has already established its own fire and safety patrol consisting of qualified men who will have the entire back-stretch area under constant surveillance.

The Chairman of this Commission in conjunction with the officials of the Westchester Racing Association, the Nassau County Fire Marshall, and the Fire Marshall's Office of the City of New York, is sponsoring a series of tests on specially constructed buildings to simulate actual stable fire conditions. Various types of fire-retarding paints and coatings plus other fireproof building materials are being subjected to these tests by experienced chemical engineers acting for the Commission. As this report goes to press, there are additional experiments remaining before the results will be known. The most recent tests conducted at Belmont Park were witnessed by many of the top names in New York racing who made the post-season journey to Belmont Park in the interests of race-track fire prevention.

(N. Y. Racing Commission)

BED O'ROSES

On Sunday afternoon, January 4, a group of maiden and barren mares were brought back to the barn at A. G. Vanderbilt's Sagamore Farm at Glyndon Maryland. Included in the van was one of Sagamore's top home-breds, Bed o'Roses, the 6-year-old daughter of Rosemont—Good Thing, by Discovery. Always a good doer, Bed o'Roses changed her schedule at feed time and was rather slow in cleaning up. She appeared to be physically uncomfortable and showed symptoms of colic. Rather than take a chance the veterinarian was called and his diagnosis was colic. He gave her some medicine and by then the mare had become progressively worse and died some 20 minutes later. An autopsy was performed and her death was attributed to an organic disorder of the system. However, tests are being made by the University of Pennsylvania to try to determine the exact cause.

Bed o'Roses had shown no previous signs of illness and she, along with Next Move, and some other mares, were to have been vanned to Kentucky about the middle of this month. The daughter of Rosemont was to visit the court of Count Fleet.

Foaled in 1947, Bed o'Roses gained recognition as a 2-year-old when she was named the leading 2-year-old filly of 1949, the year she earned \$199,200 the greatest amount of money won in her age group that year. The Matron, Selima, Marguerite, and Demoiselle were among the 7 stakes she accounted for that year. Her 3-year-old season was overshadowed by her stablemate, Next Move, but as a 4-year-old, Bed o'Roses came right back to the spotlight to be named the best handicap filly or mare of 1951. She won the Gideon Putnam Purse, Vineland Cap, and the Comely Cap that year.

Making only 3 starts last season,

Ramapo Polo Club Sets Back N.Y.C.A. At Squadron A.

Bill Briordy

Registering one of the neatest individual showings seen in some time, Al Parsells, 9-goal star, paced his Ramapo Polo Club to a 9-8 success over the New York Athletic Club in the Metropolitan League match featuring the weekly indoor twin-bill at Squadron A Armory, Saturday night, Dec. 27.

Swinging mallets with two youngsters—Adie von Gontard and Randy Crawford, Al gave his side the triumph when he hit the backboard on a backhander 1 minute, 50 seconds after a sudden-death overtime period started.

With thirty seconds of the regular game left, von Gontard, riding at No. 1, tied the score at 8-all. Prior to von Gontard's shot, Parsells, who hit 8 of his team's markers, pulled Ramapo up to 8-7 when he knocked in his own rebound following a 25-yard penalty attempt.

Although he went scoreless, Crawford was a plugging back for Ramapo. Randy and Adie worked splendidly with Parsells in keeping Ramapo's team play coordinated. Randy captained New Mexico Military Institute to the national intercollegiate indoor crown last March. He now attends Washington State.

George C. Sherman, Jr., Bill Nicholls, 7-goaler and a standout at No. 2, and Walter Phillips started for the Winged Footers. It was the first setback in two league games for the New York A. C. The triumph was the first for Ramapo.

Bill Nicholls stroked 4 goals from his position, 2 of them hitting the backboard after the throw-in in the third and fourth chukkers, respectively. Herb Pennell, 5-goaler, filled in for Sherman in the last two periods when the president of the Indoor Polo Association of America sustained a dislocated finger in the second chucker.

Buddy Combs, the only 10-goaler riding indoors, was unable to halt Squadron A as the home side beat the Red Bank Polo Club, 11 to 7, in the non-league opener. This match also offered top polo. With Phil Brady, Zenas Colt and Walter Nicholls turning in fine jobs, the Squadron A trio took full advantage of a 3-goal handicap.

Brady, No. 1 for the victors, hit 3 goals; Nicholls getting four. Combs, who came up with terrific shots from all sides in his season's debut indoors, stroked 4 goals. Phil Iglehart, a strong back, made three tallies. Beecher Hungerford was up front for Red Bank. Squadron A had a 7-5 advantage at intermission.

Model Versus Quality

Continued From Page 13

condary value be dispensed with, were it not for its spectacular value to the public. Any horse of the type required, sound, possessing a good way of going and naturally well balanced, is a good performer over jumps. If he is not, blame his trainer or rider, or both.

Truly, sometimes specifications call for "performance over jumps, way of going, manners." But the horse is seen only at the gallop, in the much too short distance between landing and take off. The judge has no time to evaluate clearly the action. He is also too busy scoring ticks, fore or hind touches, and what not. . . all of which is very illogical, and demanding great effort of memory!

Too much stress being attached to "cleanness" of performance, at the expense of capital requirements, often leads to the victory of a horse of the poor hunter type, even against the better judgment of the man having to make the decision!

Bed o'Roses won her first outing, the first running of the Santa Margarita Cap; was 3rd in the 14th running of the San Antonio cap; and 4th in the 15th running of the Santa Anita Cap. Her total lifetime earnings amounted to \$383,925.

This is recorded the life of the little 15.1 mare which was aptly described as "all heart and no peel".

Forward Schooling

Trainer of 1952 Dressage Entry Uses Forward Schooling For Correct Results

Fritz Stecken

After reading Captain V. S. Littauer's letter to the editor captioned "Forward Schooling" in the December 19 Chronicle, it appears that there is some confusion existing about different methods of training a horse. Captain Littauer's numerous books on riding, and the clinics he has given and is still giving in all parts of the country, have been stimulating and inspiring to many, many riders. I am glad to have this opportunity to publicly express my appreciation of the work he is doing to improve the standard of riding in the country, as I have already expressed it to him personally.

Forward schooling is accepted by many more horsemen than Captain Littauer may realize. All of us who train horses and riders for the Olympics have to use the forward schooling method to obtain correct results. Like Captain Littauer, I am a great admirer of Caprilli, having used his method for more than twenty years as a very important part of my work with horses. Only through this system is it possible to obtain the proper longitudinal flexion; suppleness, flexibility and relaxation and, as a result of all this, the regularity and forward impulsion of all gaits in balance, with proper bending of the horse's hip joint.

While Caprilli's method is excellent for obtaining perfect longitudinal flexion of the horse's body, he did not advocate such schooling exercises as circular movements, work on two tracks, canter on the counterlead, etc., all of which are essential to the horse's lateral flexibility. These exercises are an important part of dressage, and incidentally, also of the method Captain Littauer recommends.

Apparently Captain Littauer's conception of dressage is in terms of James Fillis. Fillis was the most outstanding rider of his day; his books were translated into practically every language through the enthusiasm and influence of his pupil, the French prime minister Clemenceau. He produced showier, more spectacular horses than had ever been seen up to that time.

However, many of the progressive and far-sighted riding nations of Europe were not satisfied with the result of this method of schooling a horse. In Italy, Caprilli; in France, General L'Hôte; in Sweden, Count von Rosen (who became the founder of the Olympic Equestrian Games); in Austria, General Josipovich; in Germany, Seimbrecht; all were stimulated to find a better system of training a horse. All had been trained in the tradition of the old riding masters in working toward improvement of the horse through the law of nature.

In his book, *The Gymnasium of the Horse* (published Potsdam, Germany, 1892), which became the bible for many leading horsemen all over the world, Steinbrecht says: "Fillis' method will be forgotten when he is gone; for a school which does not take into consideration the law of nature can be successful only with the man who conceived it."

I would also like to quote from an article about the dressage event at Helsinki, published in the *Swiss Cavalier* of September 15, 1952 by Major Frank, trainer of the successful Swiss dressage team (individual first place, 1948 Olympics; second team placement 1952 Olympics):

"Everyone was anxious to see the riders from the U. S. S. R. Due to the fact that these riders did not have the possibility to compete with their horses against other nations, they stuck with their art of riding as it was in Russia before 1914. Certainly the riders are very good and very talented, but their schooling is based completely on the methods of James Fillis, who was for many years instructor in Saint Petersburg about the turn of the century. The manner in which the riders showed their horses proved this clearly: seat, demeanor of the riders and method of holding the reins were a la Fillis.

Their horses showed tremendous motions with the front legs, but with insufficient bending of the hip joint. The too high erection of the horses makes this impossible. Without any doubt, these riders should not be underestimated as competitors the next time, after they absorb the experience and knowledge they observed, and begin to use the classical art of riding themselves."

Captain Littauer's interpretation of the word dressage as a separate "game" contrasts sharply with the understanding of it by most Olympic horse trainers in all parts of the world. For these men, dressage is a method of schooling whereby, as Captain Littauer quoted Santini: "the horse should be interfered with as little as possible and, although continually under the rider's control, he should move with the freedom and natural balance of a riderless animal."

At many big European international shows I had the opportunity of watching the Italians, Leguio, Fhilliponi, Bettoni, and Borzalino, the riders who made Caprilli's name

famous. It was particularly interesting to me to notice how they would, while maintaining their forward position, sit in the saddle and use their backs to push the horses forward, especially when coming in to a stiff jump. For, the success of Caprilli's system depends upon the strong forward impulsion of the horse, and it is only possible to obtain this by influencing the horse's hind legs, the seat of the impulsion. No matter for what purpose we are training a horse, we must all bow to this law of nature, and that is the meaning of "forward schooling."

As I have already said in Margaret Cabell Self's book *Horsemastership*: "The schooling of a horse along more advanced lines than have been described in the preceding chapters is called Haute Ecole or High School. It is a logical continuation of that primary training and is carried on in sequence to it. As we have seen we begin with the elementary school, the 'breaking' period, followed by the intermediary and advanced stages including two tracking, increasing and decreasing of gaits, turns, circling, serpentines and jumping." All this is what Captain Littauer endorses as his method of schooling.

And later from the same chapter, "I would like to stress the importance of starting to train a prospective dressage horse first as a hunter or jumper. The training for a dressage horse should begin after he has learned to go well-balanced in a hunt or over jumps. Only with this founda-

tion is it possible to start to train a horse for the Olympic dressage test."

The most successful trainers of Olympic horses from all over the world have worked on this same theory, and only after this fundamental work, have begun to train the horse for dressage, prix de nations or three days' event, according to the horse's individual natural ability. When Count von Rosen conceived the idea of the Olympic Equestrian Games, leading horsemen from practically all nations, including Major General Guy V. Henry from the U. S. A., met to draw up the F. E. I. rules. Their purpose was to encourage training along natural lines for the benefit of the horse, and to rule out the artificial methods so popularized at that time. This influence can be detected in the U. S. Cavalry Manual, and was responsible for the development of such fine international riders as Chamberlain, Tuttle, Wing, Thomson, and many others.

In order to prepare as a nation for future Olympic games to the maximum efficiency, it would be of the greatest help if we had more men going to various schools and hunts to help guide individuals in the right direction with their horsemanship, as Captain Littauer does. Thus, more riders would learn to work in accord with the law of nature and so be started on the right road to the classical art of riding.

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